

# The Sketch

No. 1093.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



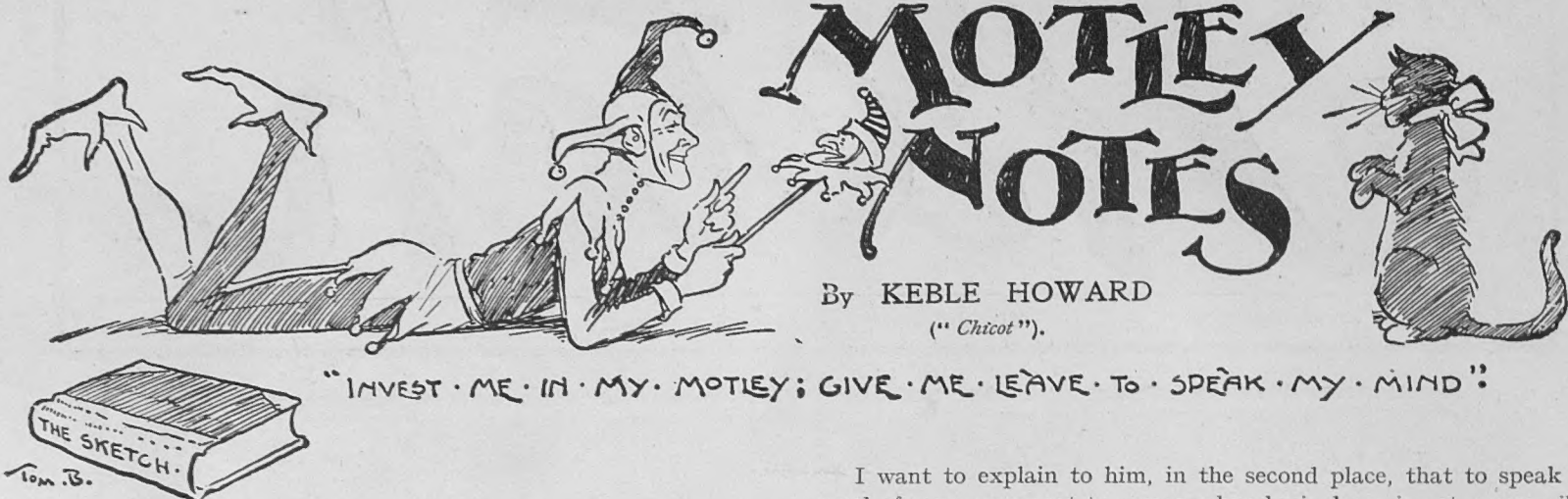
BROUGHT INTO THE FIERCE LIGHT OF PUBLICITY BY THE TRAGIC DEATH OF HARRY FRAGSON :  
MLLE. PAULETTE FRANCK.

It is suggested that the shooting of Harry Fragson was brought about chiefly by his aged father's jealousy of Mlle. Paulette Franck, his son's great friend, whom, evidently without reason, the old man accused of drawing his son Harry's affection from himself. Mlle. Paulette, who, as this photograph shows, is a very attractive brunette, is twenty-four years old, and comes from Marseilles. This latter fact is particularly interesting when it is recalled that a drawing of her with Harry Fragson appears on the cover of the comedian's last popular song, which has the

title, "Elle est Marseillaise." Fragson first met Mlle. Paulette at the Bal Tabarin some six months ago and fell in love with her, as she with him. In an interview after the tragic affair, she said: "He killed my poor Harry because he was jealous of our happiness. He accused me of having alienated his son's affection. It is a lie." It was said that Fragson was training Mlle. Paulette to appear on the stage with him, but this has been denied by an intimate friend who, said, "He never intended her to appear with him, but he wished her to travel with him."

*Photograph by Manuel.*





**An American Without a Name.** An American correspondent, who dates his letter from a well-known hotel in Piccadilly, but who is careless enough to sign himself merely "An American," sends me quite a clever letter on the subject of the Wells-Carpentier fight. It is, I know, rather late to return to this subject, which stirred the world to its depths so many days ago that the world has entirely forgotten the matter. Still, my correspondent's letter, though anonymous—O my dear cousin, how frightfully rash!—is worth quoting from the purely ethnological standpoint.

"Years ago," he says, "I used to think that when Bernard Shaw called the English the most sentimental and romantic people in the world it was only his cynical method of having fun with you, and that it could not be proved by facts. Since then I have discovered that he was, as in many other matters of opinion, absolutely correct."

Let me pause to point out that my correspondent, though self-contradictory, means what he says. He means that, when he disagreed with Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Shaw was wrong, but that, since he now agrees with him on this "matter of opinion," Mr. Shaw is right. We all know, of course, that a matter of opinion becomes a matter of fact directly that opinion becomes our opinion.

"Whenever I am in this country," he continues, with all the urbanity that one expects from an honoured guest, "I never pick up a newspaper without finding evidence of British emotionalism, in fact, utter softness, where any other people would be quite matter-of-fact and sensible."

**A Lesson in Manners.** "In *The Sketch* of this week," my correspondent goes on, "you take up the subject of the defeat of Bombardier Wells at the hands of the young French boxer, Carpentier, and the eulogy you hand out to your collapsed countryman is in the precise terms that Shaw would have placed in the mouth of Britannicus in 'Cæsar and Cleopatra.' English sporting men of the prehistoric type, like the Earl of Lonsdale and his pals at the National Sporting Club, decided a couple of years ago that Bombardier Wells was a noble type of the invincible Englishman who ought to be able to lick three Frenchmen. He was tall, blonde, and looked such a gentleman. It was only natural that, wearing a Union Jack handkerchief round his waist, he should become the champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world."

And so on. Our guest then tells me what the "cold-hearted Yankees" said about Wells. It seems that they said: "Can him and ship him back as slow freight. If he tried to lick a postage-stamp it wouldn't stick."

Here we have, you see, two forms of humour at once—the humour of the pun and the humour of exaggeration. We have also a third form of humour in this jolly letter—the humour of anonymity, which is the small boy's humour of shouting "Yah! Yah!" and then running away.

**The Child by the Hand.** But I have no intention of being severe with our guest—not the smallest intention in the world. I just want to explain things to him, quietly and kindly. I want to explain to him, to begin with, that to jeer at a man when he is down, whether he be a pugilist, or a general, or an admiral, or a convict is not the first and greatest test of an advanced stage of civilisation, or of primitive courage, or of pure intellectualism. It was for doing this very thing that I dared to chide a certain section of the sporting Press.

By KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot").

I want to explain to him, in the second place, that to speak a word of encouragement to a man when he is down is not necessarily to convict oneself of softness or sentimentality. The greatest man that ever lived, and the man who died the bravest death that man has ever died, always made it his business to praise the under-dog and kick the top-dog. Was that sentimentality and softness? Or is the one sign of manly hardihood to yell with the crowd? If it is, I can assure my correspondent that there is not much to choose between the English and the Americans, or between the Chinese and the Japanese, or between any two nations on earth, in the way of manly hardihood. The crowd always yells with the crowd.

Last of all, I want to explain to him that the best Englishmen, however soft and sentimental, always put their names to their adverse opinions.

#### Playgoers Worthy of the Name.

Another letter reaches me from an out-of-the-way spot in Natal. This correspondent seems to be the sort of playgoer for whom Mr. Granville Barker is looking to help him with his splendid scheme for a permanent Repertory Theatre in London. Read and judge for yourself.

"Perhaps it would interest you to know that, in our hunger and thirst after the Drama, my husband and I, on two occasions within a month, made artistic pilgrimages to Johannesburg a few years ago to see Mr. and Mrs. Haviland in 'The Merchant of Venice,' and, in order to see that play, we travelled by a slow train 179 miles from Charleston (where we lived then) to Johannesburg, saw the play in the afternoon, had the privilege of making the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Haviland behind the scenes, and left for home the same day, making 358 miles travelled in little more than twenty-four hours to see a Shakespearean play! Do you know, we are rather proud of this feat? And the glamour of that glorious and wonderful performance is over me still."

There is enthusiasm for you! I once travelled 270 miles in less than twenty-four hours to see the Dorchester Players in their own dramatised version of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Trumpet Major," but that was in England, in a quick train, and in considerable comfort. If Mr. Barker fails to establish his Repertory Theatre in London, he might easily succeed in South Africa—a huge loss for us, but what a gain for South Africa!

#### How to Eat a Banana.

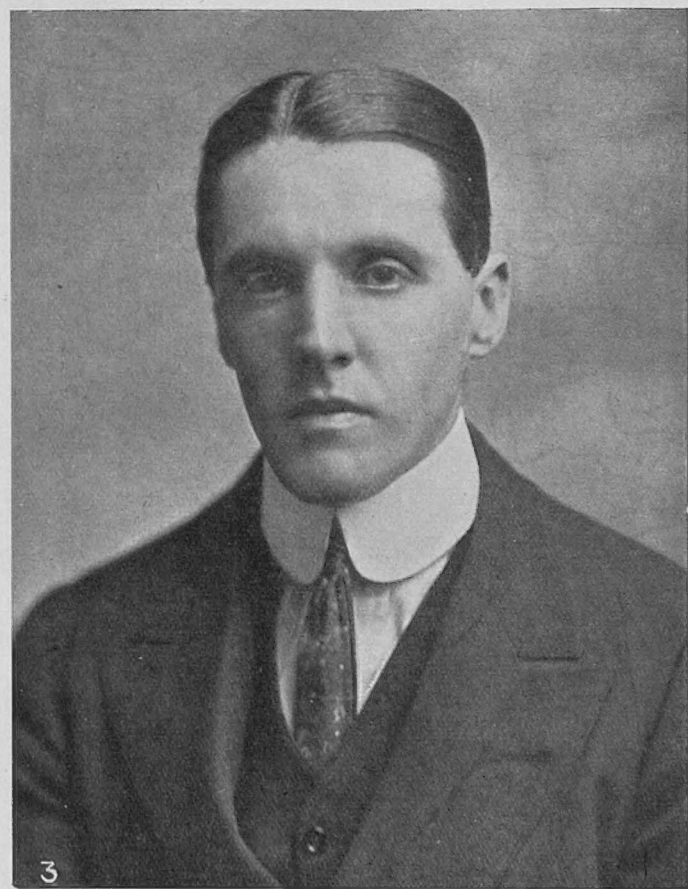
And now I am going to drop right down to the useful, humble, inexpensive, domestic banana. (Though my American friend may not think it, it requires courage to write about bananas.) I want this note to meet the eye of every mother in the world who is in the habit of giving bananas to her children, or, for the matter of that, to herself or to any member of her household. Do you know, housekeepers all, that a good deal of danger lurks in the banana? Not merely in the unripe or the over-ripe banana, but in all bananas? And I will tell you why.

Take a banana, peel it, and split it open exactly in the middle with a knife. You will then find, to your surprise, a large number of very tiny black seeds. Most people never open a banana, and thus never discover these seeds. But there they are, and they are absolutely indigestible. If you eat enough of them, you would need the digestion of a stone-grinder to keep in health, and the effect of an accumulation of these seeds in the delicate digestive organs of a young child often leads to appendicitis and such troubles.

If you don't believe me, show the seeds to your doctor and ask his opinion. Besides, it is so easy to cut open the banana and take out the seeds. If you will do this, my day has not been wasted.



## SMITH BROTHERS AND FURNEAUX SISTERS: A DOUBLE KNOT.



1. MR. HAROLD SMITH, M.P., WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS JOAN FURNEAUX, HIS SISTER-IN-LAW'S SISTER.

3. MR. F. E. SMITH, M.P., WHO MARRIED MISS MARGARET ELEANOR FURNEAUX.

The engagement was announced the other day of Mr. Harold Smith, M.P. (U.) for the Warrington Division of Lancs., and Miss Joan Furneaux, whose sister is the wife of his brother, Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool, and already famous as a leader of the Unionist Party, to say nothing of his renown as galloper to Sir Edward Carson in Ulster. Mrs. F. E. Smith and Miss Joan Furneaux are daughters of the late Rev. Henry Furneaux and the late Mrs. Furneaux, of 7, Warwick Square. Their father was a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Mr. Harold Smith has been, in Parliament since 1910. He was born in 1876, son of Frederick Smith, of Birkenhead,

2. MISS JOAN FURNEAUX, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD SMITH, M.P.

4. MRS. F. E. SMITH, WHOSE SISTER, JOAN, IS ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD SMITH, M.P.

Cheshire, barrister-at-law. Until the end of 1908, he was a partner in a firm of surveyors and valuers in Liverpool and Birkenhead. He then entered Gray's Inn, and in January 1911 he was called to the Bar. Mr. F. E. Smith was born in July 1872. After a scholastic career of great distinction, during which he was, for example, President of the Oxford Union, Fellow and Lecturer of Merton College, Examiner in the Final Schools at Oxford, and Extension Lecturer in Modern History at Victoria University, he won very great distinction at the Bar, and in 1908 took silk and became a Bencher of Gray's Inn. He has been M.P. since 1906. His marriage to Miss Margaret Eleanor Furneaux took place in 1901.

Photographs by Beresford, Rita Martin, Haines, and Speaight.



## THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUR: SWISS WINTER-SPORTING.



1. ACTING AS SKIP (OR CAPTAIN) OF A RINK CURLING MATCH AT WENGEN: MRS. VEREKER, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF SIR CHARLES CAYZER, BT.
2. SPORTING IN WINTER: THE SNOW-MAN COMPETITION AT A MONTANA GYMKHANA.
3. THE OWNER OF THE FAMOUS £135,000 PEARL NECKLACE CURLING AT WENGEN: MR. MAX MAYER.

In the photograph of the team of Cambridge men are (back row; left to right): J. F. Blanchard (Emmanuel College); R. E. Vetten (Magdalen); J. R. Dennistown (Trinity); and B. P. Ayre (Jesus); (front row): P. L. Barrow (Pembroke); W. F. Schloss (Trinity); F. A. Phillips (Trinity); and E. H. Wenham (Trinity). The

4. ICE-HOCKEY AT MURREN: THE TEAM OF CAMBRIDGE MEN.
5. ICE-HOCKEY AT MURREN: THE TEAM OF OXFORD MEN.
6. A WRITER AND TRAVELLER AND A WELLINGTON MASTER: MR. MAX MULLER AND MR. CLIFFORD WELLS AT WENGEN.
7. AN INDIAN AND A SCOT AS CURLERS: AN ORIENTAL UNDERGRADUATE OF DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND MR. JOHN R. MACDONALD, OF THE ABERFOYLE CURLING CLUB.

team of Oxford men are as follows: (back row; left to right) K. N. Bion (New College); C. R. Parker (Brasenose); B. Woodbury (Merton); T. A. Tatton (Merton); and W. C. Davison (Merton); (front row): T. Means (Merton); C. B. Gull, M.A.; K. R. G. Karston (Hertford); and A. S. MacDonnell (Balliol).

Photographs by C.N.



## THE FRAGSON TRAGEDY: FATHER, SON, AND PAULETTE.



1. ON SUFFICIENTLY FRIENDLY TERMS TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER : MR. VICTOR POTT (FRAGSON'S FATHER) AND Mlle. PAULETTE.
3. AS HE APPEARED AFTER HE HAD SHOT HIS SON: MR. VICTOR POTT, PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE UNDER ARREST.

One of the most distressing tragedies in the annals of the theatrical profession, or, indeed, of any profession, occurred in Paris on Dec. 30, when the famous comedian known as Harry Fragson, whose real name was Leon Victor Pott, was killed by his father, Mr. Victor Pott, aged eighty-three. The old man shot his son in a flat where they were both living at 56, Rue Lafayette, and the son died within three hours

2. DRAWN TOGETHER ON THE POSTER OF HIS LAST SONG, "ELLE EST MARSEILLAISE": THE LATE HARRY FRAGSON AND Mlle. PAULETTE.
4. THE LATE HARRY FRAGSON (MR. LEON VICTOR POTT): A PARTICULARLY TYPICAL PORTRAIT OF THE DEAD COMEDIAN.

in the Lariboisière Hospital, to which he was conveyed. Mr. Victor Pott was arrested and taken to the police-station. His terrible act is attributed to jealousy of his son's lady friend, Mlle. Paulette Franck. In giving evidence before an examining magistrate, she denied that she tried to alienate the son's affection from his father. The dead comedian's friends emphasise the fact that he treated his father with kindness and generosity.



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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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**THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.**

**The Lyceum Pantomime.**

Excellent fare of infinite variety will be found at the Lyceum this year. At the top of the list we would ourselves place Mr. Harry Weldon, whose Lancashire humour is a continual joy. There is always great virtue in a North-Country accent, but Mr. Weldon has a resourcefulness and a happy gift for burlesque and a geniality which would make him a most entertaining fellow whatever language he spoke. Alexandre and Hughes, too, who play the bad robbers, are two very merry men. Then there is Zellini, a comic juggler who keeps the audience very happy during his turn; and there surely never was such spinning and whirling as the dancing of Mr. Robert Roberty, who leads the ballet. With him is that pretty little dancer Miss Granny Pickford, and Ray and Zack are as jolly and modern a pair of babes as ever went to fairyland and got lost in a wood. No strictly popular pantomime would be complete without a selection from the songs of the year, so we have "You Made Me Love You" sung with a throb in the voice by Miss Jane Eyre, and "Snookee Ookums" from Miss Daisy James; and these ladies are as excellent representatives of Robin Hood and his Maid Marian as could be wished.

**"Where the Rainbow Ends."**

This is the third year of the life of Mr. Clifford Mills' and Mr. John Ramsey's very charming and very patriotic fairy-story, which gives more thrills in its four acts than any six other fairy-stories, so grim and terrible are the adventures of Rosamund and Crispian, Betty and Jim, among the dragons and other strange beasts that haunt the district between England and the rainbow's end. But the four and their young lion (or is it a cat?) bear up with a noble fortitude which would almost have pulled them through their trouble even without the bright and shining St. George of Mr. Reginald Owen, who regretfully attributes part of his lack of popularity to the fact that he is a saint. There is indeed a touch of pleasant humour about it all, and, unlike most children's plays, it has been written with the help of brains and imagination. Miss Mavis Yorke is an ideal Will-o'-the-Wisp; Mr. Roland Pertwee and Miss Nellie Bouverie are most amusing villains; and it would be hard to choose between the four delightful children—Esmée Hersee, Elvira Henderson, Harold French, and Eric Rae.

**"The Shepherdess Without a Heart."**

This will be a useful addition to the children's plays which come up at the Christmas season year by year. It is daintily conceived, this Hans Andersen story of the Dresden shepherdess who came down from the mantelpiece with the china sweep who loved her, and went out on to the roof, where the snow lay thick, and the storks danced, and Father Christmas put his presents down the chimney, and the cuckoo died in battle against King Stork because he had brought to the little shepherdess the heart she needed so much. The simplicity of it, and its prettiness, and the animals and toys will appeal to the young who have hearts already and can enter into the feelings of the three children of Kasper Peterkin, who were in the middle of all these wonderful events. Mr. Bertram Forsyth has told the little fairy-tale well, and Mr. Franklin Harvey has set it to suitable music.

**Revivals.**

Among these come, as a matter of course, "Peter Pan" and "Charley's Aunt." Charley has a new aunt this time, to celebrate his twenty-first birthday, and Mr. Percy Crawford does justice to the traditions of the part. There is an excellent company, too, which includes Mr. Sydney Compton, whom as Bassett we know so well; and a clever actor, Mr. Geoffrey Kerr; while, by way of contrast, there is "Marusa," an episode of the Russo-Japanese War, in which it is well worth while to see Miss Vivian Vanna dance. In "Peter Pan," too, there have been changes—not, however, in Peter himself, who is still Miss Pauline Chase. Captain Hook is now humorously played by Mr. Godfrey Tearle; Wendy, as last year, once more finds a very charming little representative in Miss Mary Glynn. These are the important matters; for the rest, the beautiful fairy-story is told again in just the right spirit of tenderness and burlesque. To these revivals is to be added Mr. Savile Clarke's well-established version of "Alice in Wonderland" (which includes the Looking-Glass), with Mr. Walter Slaughter's graceful music, which is well sung, and in one instance—that of Miss Maud Rolanda—very well sung indeed; and at the Comedy Theatre the youngsters home for the holidays will find everything that their hearts can desire.

(Continued on page 34.)

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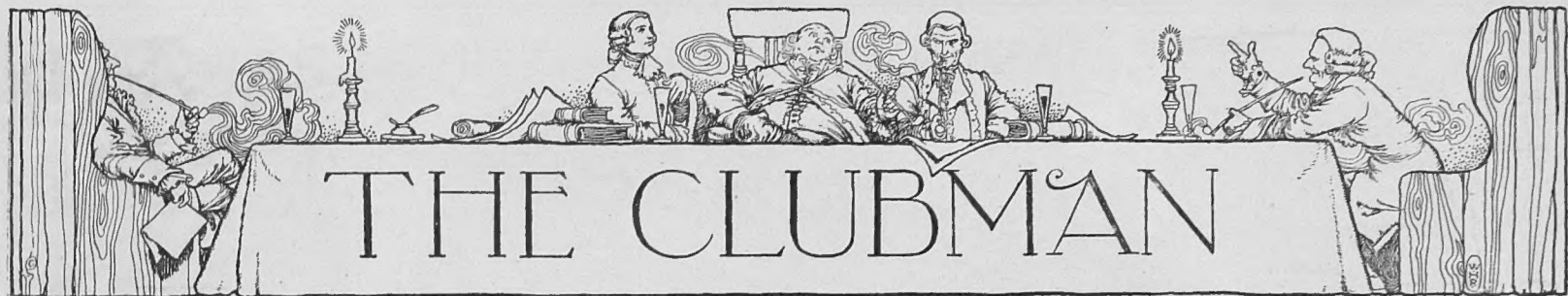
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## STATUES IN ROAD-COLLISIONS: THE DESCENDANT OF SOLOMON: ROYAL BANS ON THE TANGO.

## Should Statues Carry Lights?

A motor-omnibus and a motor-cab have both tilted against the large equestrian statue of the Duke of Cambridge opposite the War Office, and have met with very much the same success that came to Don Quixote when he tilted against the windmill. This is not the only statue which seems to have an attraction for moving things. More than one motor-driven vehicle has made a dash at the palings of Park Crescent, at the bottom of Portland Place, in a vain endeavour to upset the statue of the Duke of Kent, who stands—in stone—looking up the broad thoroughfare. The Duke of Kent is now guarded by two red lamps—or rather, by two sheets of red glass put into the lamps which are nearest to the statue. Should not all our statues in roadways—or such of them as are worth preservation—if they are not well in the light of street-lamps, be given at nightfall a warning lamp in front and behind?

## The Late King Menelik.

King Menelik is at last officially dead, and his grandson, Lidj Eyassu, reigns in his stead, though the power is in the hands of Ras Michael, the new Emperor's father, who married Princess Waizaro Shoa Rogga, Menelik's daughter. Thus a direct descendant of that first Menelik, whom tradition says was the son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, has succeeded to the throne of Abyssinia. King Menelik has disappeared from the public view for some years, for he has suffered from a mysterious disease which paralysed him, and, except his personal attendants, no one has known whether he was dead or alive, for it was feared that on the announcement of his death there would be civil war in Abyssinia.

## The Suspicions of Menelik.

King Menelik was probably the strongest ruler of a dark-skinned race that this generation has known. The Abyssinians resent nothing more than to be classed with negroes, and Menelik considered himself the equal of any King or Emperor who sits on a European throne. He was very suspicious of all white men, and as he was besieged by concession-hunters who looked to their Governments for support, he was suspicious also of all diplomatists. The representative of one Power, however, gained the ear of the suspicious monarch by giving him quite unprejudiced advice whenever he asked for it. He was Sir John Harrington, the British Minister-Plenipotentiary who was at Menelik's Court for many years. No doubtful British project or shady British financiers received any aid from Sir John, who, by the attitude he took up in these matters, impressed the Emperor with a belief in the honesty of the friendship expressed towards him by the British Government. Had Menelik been in possession of his former intellect during the years of his illness, we should not have heard of the Mad Mullah drawing his arms, as he is now believed to do, from the Addis Abeba arsenals.

## Some Stories of Menelik.

Most of the stories told of the late King Menelik were of his personal bravery, which was undoubted, and of his disregard for other people's lives. When his warriors, at a review, fired a royal salute, which they did squatting on the ground and pointing their rifles

towards the sky, they always used ball-cartridge, and the bullets, falling to earth at some distance from the review-ground, often killed or wounded peasants in the fields. When a traveller who had heard that ball ammunition was wasted in this way by the Abyssinian Army brought to King Menelik a few hundred blank cartridges, thinking that the King would order a large supply to be used by his troops on ceremonial occasions, the King was exceedingly gratified by the present, and explained that he intended to test with these cartridges the courage of his Generals and personal attendants, by firing at them and letting them think that his rifle was loaded with ball. At one time, as a sign of the royal power, lions were allowed to wander loose in the outer grounds of the palace to act as watch-dogs. A European visitor asked the Emperor whether his lions ever killed anybody, and Menelik admitted that now and again a hungry lion did kill a peasant or a soldier; "but," added the monarch, who wished to show how humane he was, "if a lion kills a man, we always kill the lion." If a visitor to Menelik's Court brought him as a present some novelty in firearms, and presented it to the Emperor as he sat on his throne at a Court ceremony, Menelik always at once loaded the firearm, whether it was rifle or revolver, and fired it off to test its action, without thinking or caring in the least where the bullet might hit.

## The New Abyssinian Emperor.

Lidj Eyassu has been educated in the wisdom of the West, and talks French and German and English quite fluently. He was to have made a tour of all the capitals of Europe, but the illness of his grandfather, which came on just before the heir to the throne was to have started on his voyage, put a stop for the time to these plans. He will probably now make this tour, his father acting as Regent while the Emperor is away from Abyssinia.

## The Banning of the Tango.

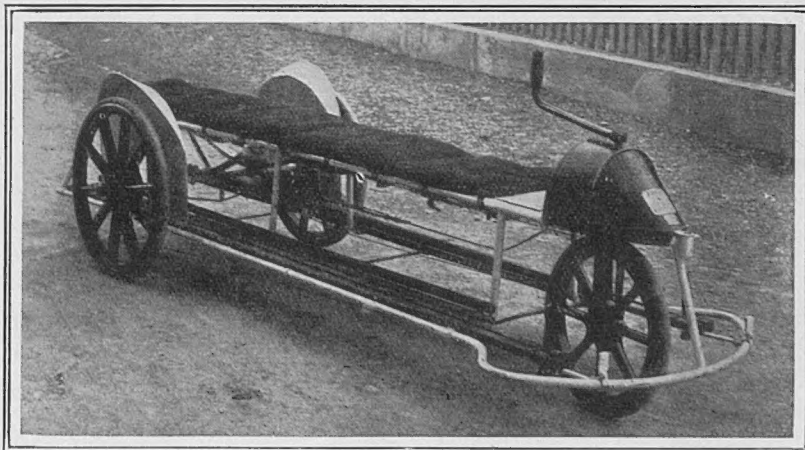
The list of European monarchs who have either banned the Tango or indirectly have expressed disapproval of the dance from South America is gradually growing. The King of Italy, like the German Emperor, has taken active steps to prevent the dance from being performed at any official ball. No one in England has been bold enough to suggest that it should be danced at a Court ball, and it is difficult to see who could make any such suggestion. The King and Queen of Spain indirectly gave encouragement to the Tango by being present at the Picture Ball, during which it was danced; but as the Tango came originally from Spain, it would have been rather unpatriotic if the King of the land of its birth had frowned upon it.



A FINE OLD STEEPLCHASER AND HIS GRAND-CHILDREN ON A SINGLE MOUNT: A SPORTING TRIO WITH LORD HARRINGTON'S FOXHOUNDS.

The photograph shows Mr. W. R. Brockton, with his grandchildren, Master and Miss Bissil, children of Mr. Bissil, the steeplechase jockey. Many years ago Mr. Brockton rode his own horse Primrose in the Grand National, and he has ridden many winners in steeplechases. After this photograph was taken he put his horse into a canter, and the animal, with all three riders "up," went with the hounds for the first draw.

Photograph by Barrett.



HOW YOU MAY BOB ON ICELESS, SNOWLESS ROADS! AN INGENIOUS SLEIGH FOR SPORT WHEN WINTER IS UNKIND.

This bobsleigh, which was in use in the summer at Klosters, enables bobbing to be indulged in when there is neither snow nor ice. It is the invention of Herr Songer, a Munich artist.

Photograph by Sanden.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



M. ALBERT CARRÉ—FOR FINDING THE AIR OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE SUITS HIM BETTER THAN THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.



SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON—FOR GETTING A WARMER RECEPTION IN THE COLISEUM STALLS THAN HE WILL AT THE SOUTH POLE.



LADY SHACKLETON—FOR HAVING A HUSBAND WHO WILL NEVER FORSAKE HER EXCEPT FOR "THE HEART OF THE ANTARCTIC."



MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL—FOR BEING UNABLE TO MAKE A WOEFUL BALLAD TO "MONNA LISA'S" EYEBROW.



MR. G. S. STREET—FOR PREPARING TO ADD SOME "BAN"-SHEES TO HIS COLLECTION OF THE "GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY."

M. Albert Carré, Director of the Opéra Comique, Paris, has been appointed to succeed the late M. Jules Claretie as Director of the Comédie Française.—Sir Ernest Shackleton, who is to lead the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition this year, was sitting with Lady Shackleton in the stalls at the Coliseum the other night when his portrait was thrown on the screen. He was recognised by the audience, who rose and cheered and insisted on his making a speech.—

Mr. Israel Zangwill recently pointed out that in Leonardo's portrait of "Monna Lisa" it is the lack of eyebrows which, in the opinion of some, makes the face unpleasant.—Mr. G. S. Street, author of "The Ghosts of Piccadilly," and other delightful books, was recently appointed Joint Reader of Plays in succession to the late Mr. Charles Brookfield. Mr. Street was at one time a contributor to "The Sketch."

Photographs by Manuel, Lallie Charles, Hoppé, and Elliott and Fry.



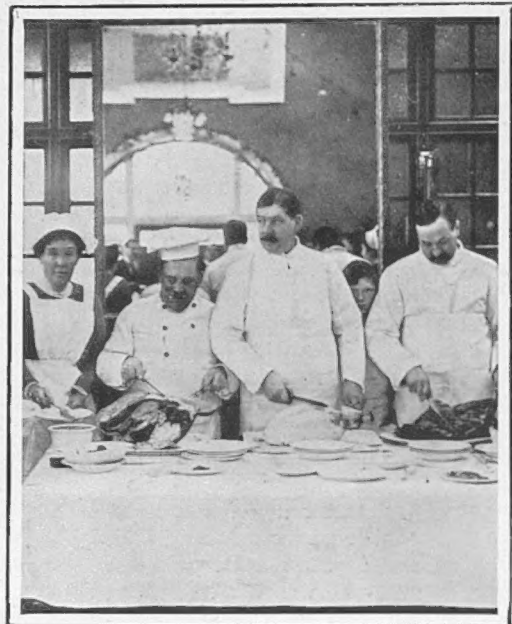
PROFESSOR R. W. WOOD—FOR NOT BEING TOO PROUD TO UPSET HIS PROFESSORIAL DIGNITY IN HIS DETERMINATION TO PÉGOUDER.

Professor R. W. Wood, who holds the chair of Experimental Physics at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, took first prize at the Christmas Fancy-Dress Ball at the Kulm Hotel, St. Moritz. He appeared as Pégoud upside-down in his aeroplane. Many of Professor Wood's photographs by infra-red and ultra-violet rays have appeared in the "Illustrated London News."—On New Year's



BANDSMAN BLAKE—FOR SHOWING WE HAD "BETTER JOIN THE BAND"; AND THE DIXIE KID—FOR "HATTING" HIM.

Day the visitors at Matlock Hydro changed places with the servants, donned their various uniforms as chef, carver, waiter, waitress, and so on, and waited on them.—After his defeat by Bandsman Blake, of Yarmouth, the Dixie Kid, the famous American welter-weight, said: "The Bandsman beat me fairly and squarely... and I take off my hat to him."—[Photos. Illus. Bureau, Sport and General.]



THE GUESTS AT MATLOCK HYDRO—FOR DEMONSTRATING THAT ONE CAN BE "BELOW THE SALT" AND STILL BE AMONG "THE SALT OF THE EARTH."



PRINCE ALBERT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN—FOR NOT FOOZLING HIS INAUGURAL DRIVE AT CAMBERLEY.

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein recently opened the new golf course at Camberley by driving off from the first tee. The course is said to have cost more than any other to lay out.—Miss Trehawke Davies, the well-known aeroplane "passenger," who also owns her own Blériot, added to her thrilling experiences the other day by looping the loop with Mr. Gustav Hamel at Hendon. She is thus the first woman to loop the loop in the air, and the first passenger to do so in England.—M. Védrières, the French airman, who recently completed his 3500-mile flight from Paris to Cairo, via Asia Minor, intends to fly



MISS TREHAWKE DAVIES—FOR PREFERRING THE HAMEL LOOP TO THE HEM-STITCH OF LESS DARING SPINSTERS.



M. VÉDRINES—FOR PREFERRING AN AEROPLANE TO THE MAGIC CARPET FOR DOING THE GRAND TOUR.



LADY LAMB—FOR HAVING REMAINED MRS. LAMB FOR A PERIOD OF LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

to Australia by way of Jerusalem, Bagdad, Bombay, Calcutta, and Singapore, then cross the Pacific by steamer and fly over America. The whole flight, including the 3500 miles already done, would be about 22,000 miles.—Sir Ernest Lamb, Liberal M.P. for Rochester, one of the Knights in the New Year's Honours List, had the rare experience of seeing his wedding and his new title recorded in the same issue of the "Times." On Dec. 31 he married, at Magheradroll, County Down, Miss Rosa Dorothea Hurst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hurst, of Drumaness.

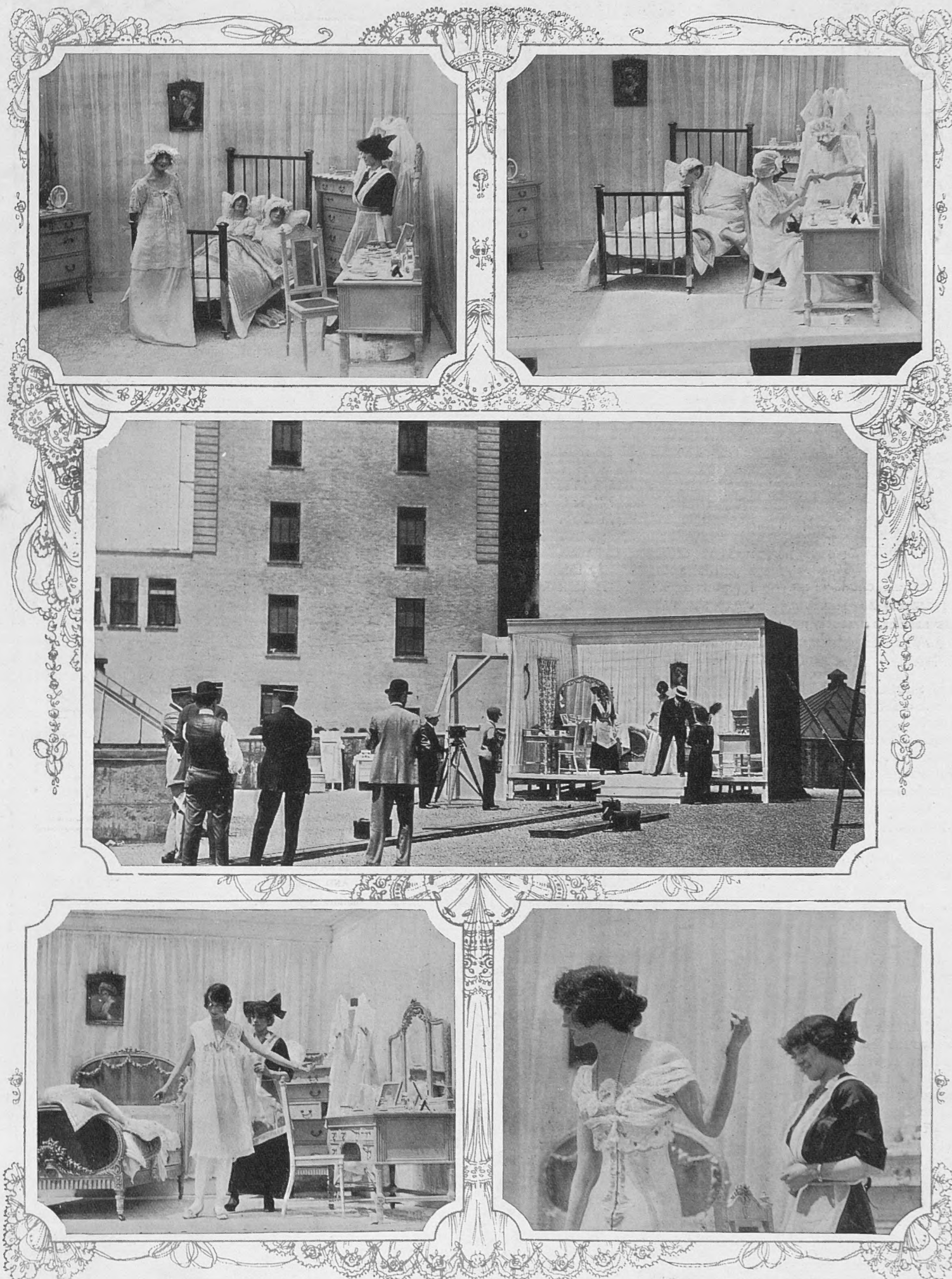


SIR ERNEST HENRY LAMB, M.P.—FOR HAVING TURNED THE DAY AFTER HIS WEDDING DAY INTO KNIGHT.

Photographs by C.N., L.N.A., Rol, and Illustrations Bureau.



## MOVING PICTURES: "BEAUTIFUL LINGERIE" FILMED.



CINEMATOGRAPH PICTURES OF WOMEN'S UNDERCLOTHES IN WEAR, FOR SHOW IN A GREAT SHOP:  
SCENES FROM A "WOMAN'S SERVICE" SERIES.

In view of the recent prohibition of a Corset Parade at a London music-hall, the photographs here reproduced are of special interest, and we may add that the set which reached us contained several "corset subjects." The correspondent who sent us the pictures says of them: "I enclose 'still' photographs of the 'Moving Pictures of Beautiful Lingerie' which were taken on the roof of Gimbel's Store, New York. The films were made for the purpose of showing the women patrons of the store

the latest undergarments for women, and were exhibited in the little theatre attached to the store for such purposes. Men were not admitted. The pictures were made by the Kinemacolor Company of America, who have a special 'Woman's Service,' whereby moving pictures of the latest fashions in gowns, furs, undergarments, corsets, etc., are shown in actual life, very pretty mannequins being employed to show off the styles." The third photograph on our page shows the scene set on the roof of the store.





WHERE THE PRINCIPAL BOY IS NOT A GIRL: "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED."

**If Douthitt  
Were Graves.**

I forget what I said about the Sleeping Beauty when she woke for the first time; but I don't withdraw one word of it. The thing, however, which strikes me most of all this year is the remarkable difference between Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt and Mr. George Graves. You may

have noticed it if you have already been to Drury Lane; if not, you certainly will. Their outlooks upon life are so unlike. They both have voices, of course; but whereas Mr. Douthitt is allowed to use his several times, the throb in that of Mr. Graves is so heartrending that he is only allowed to use it once, and even during that once is frequently interrupted by the audience. The appeal he makes is so human, so very, very touching, that when he says, "How ar-re you, how ar-re you?" it is almost impossible to refrain from saying, "Very well; how 's yourself?" I find it difficult to picture Mr. Douthitt doing exactly this. What happens in his case is that he gets on to some fine top-note, which is so much admired that the last and most remarkable half of it is drowned in applause: a strange excess of approval from which Miss

happily over he would hasten his love away to mend the doyleys or massage the gold-fish, while he himself turned to the more serious business of developing photographs or papering the walls. Have you ever seen him develop a photograph? It is new this year, and should on no account be missed. To explain in cold blood exactly how he does it would be unfair. Most of his humour is of a very grown-up kind, not fully clear to the babes for whom pantomimes are intended. But here his heart is young again, and most infectiously merry; and, oh, ye bottles and baths and lbs. and ozs., how we all did laugh! Mr. Douthitt would have turned out a better photograph: he would have brought the right kind of bottles and baths, and known at once the meaning of an oz. and a lb.; but it is the means and not the end which matter here.

**The Power of  
Puck.**

Yet I would not be unjust to Mr. Douthitt. His coming to pantomime is a sign of better things. There may be those who mourn the passing of the female principal boy—if, indeed, she has passed, which I doubt; but I could see her go without a murmur of regret, and there is something refreshing and new about this suggestion that the Prince really loves his Beauty, and about the ringing notes of the voice in which he sings his love. Yet he might be just a tiny bit more hopeful, and put more trust in Miss Renée Mayer. It is true that it was a most unpleasantly uncomfortable

period of  
the world's  
history,

when no man, however virtuous, could ever be sure that any old woman he met would not turn him into a goat or a beetle merely to indulge her sprightly sense of humour. I will go further and admit that this state of things was utterly preposterous, and that if it had not been put down with a firm hand, the position of a Cabinet Minister would at the present day be quite untenable. Downing Street would have to be fitted up as Zoological Gardens. But, after all, there was always Renée Mayer. She could do anything and go anywhere, and her heart was always in the right place. Last year's practice has encouraged her to go one better: this time, when the Fairy Anarchista sets fire to the forest (such a beautiful forest, and such a wonderful fire: it brought on a snap of cold weather at once), she builds, on the spur of the moment, a bright and shining bridge for Mr. Douthitt and Miss Smithson to walk over without cracking a note of their voices; and there never was such a gorgeous and lovely bridge. I wonder if Miss Renée Mayer really did it all. I like to think so, but there are the names of Bruce Smith and electricians and engineers on the programme, together with the name of Arthur Collins; and, of course, they may have done something to help. You never know what supernatural aid the fairies may not sometimes get."



"I LIKE SCARING CROWS": MR. STANLEY LUPINO AS FINNYKIN, IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Florence Smithson, in common with other top-noters, also suffers. But what chiefly distinguishes Mr. Graves from Mr. Douthitt is his cheerfulness in adversity. When long hairs grow all over Mr. Douthitt's face and head, he is most terribly upset about it. One would have thought that from last year's experience he would learn that it would all be right in the end, even without the aid of a hairdresser; but, no. He still exhibits a touching faith in the stern realities of pantomime spells. Were he Mr. Graves and condemned to the life of a scarecrow for ever, it is awful to think how deep his depression would be, how gravely lyrical his grief. "The Sleeping Beauty" would be for a third time revived; and that at Covent Garden next June, with Richter in the conductor's chair, while Mr. Graves would be reduced to the part of a spectator murmuring beneath his breath, "Bless my soul, it's a goat; what'll they say at the club when they hear I'm the father of a hearth-rug?" (loud "Hushes!" from the surrounding lovers of opera).

**If Graves  
Were Douthitt.**

If, on the other hand, it were Mr. Graves who cherished a passion for Miss Florence Smithson, and became hairy in consequence, I feel sure that he would fail to see the tragedy of the position. It would not in the least affect his kindly references to Mr. Willie Clarkson and the Duke of Bedford. His affection would be of a casual kind. When a bout of wooing was on hand he would sit him down with a cheery smile and say, "Here we get on with a chunk of the plot," and when it was

hand, it were Mr. Graves who



"WHAT WILL SHE SAY WHEN SHE SEES HIM?" MR. WILFRID DOUTHITT AS AURIOL (BEWITCHED BY THE WICKED FAIRY) AND MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON AS PRINCESS MARCELLA, IN THE DUET, "MY GARDEN OF ROSES," IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED," AT DRURY LANE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



"A LITTLE FAIRY BOY, THE BAD FOLKS' TERROR AND THE GOOD FOLKS' JOY": MISS RENÉE MAYER AS PUCK IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THE DRURY LANE PANTO.



THE BEAUTY SLEEP—SECOND SNOOZE: PANTO PEOPLE AT DRURY LANE.

For the first time in the history of Drury Lane pantomime, the same fairy-tale has been chosen for a second year in succession. Last year we had "The Sleeping Beauty": this year "The Sleeping Beauty Re-awakened," presented, as Puck says in his prologue, "mid new scenes of fantasy and mirth."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





## JAMES BRYCE, VISCOUNT.

MR. WHITELAW REID laid it down as a sort of rule that all men who rose to peculiar eminence in America were Scots. It happened, of course, that he was speaking in Scotland at the time, but his catalogue was convincing, and when Lord Rosebery, in proposing a vote of thanks, begged to be allowed to remind the audience of exceptions, he had to do it warily. "The few exceptions to the rule seem to me hardly worth mentioning," he began. "The names of Washington and a few more cross the mind." But, on the whole, he had to allow that the Scot, and the Ulster-Scot in particular, was a person of paramount standing in the States. "When I come to the branch of our race," continued Lord Rosebery, "which has been grafted on to the Ulster stem, I take off my hat in reverence and awe." James Bryce is an Ulster-Scot.

A Practising American. An Ulster-Scot by descent,

James Bryce is more nearly an American—of the graver sort—than any of his fellows in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. There are Americans, like Mr. Henry James, who claim that they are not "practising Americans." James Bryce, when he took up his residence in N Street, Washington, felt very much like a practising American. He was at some pains to explain his exact position, for he is, above all things, a man who loves to make sure of his own state of mind and of the community's. "It is impossible," he declared, "for anyone who speaks the common language, who is familiar with American institutions and history, who recognises how much there is in common between the American and the Englishman, to live in Washington without becoming for many purposes—morally and intellectually, and for practically all purposes except, of course, political purposes—a citizen of the United States."

In N Street. The Briton abroad,

both in Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays and (which seems of less significance to "G. B. S.") in reality, is a man who flouts the alien institutions with which he finds himself surrounded. He longs for the time when he shall return to the climate, the food, and the jokes that suit him. But in James Bryce America found, for once, a British Ambassador who was pleased to be in America, and who claimed to be, as far as the proprieties would allow him, an American subject. He did not, as a Washington resident, establish any kinship with the America of Goulds and Vanderbilts, nor, on the other hand, grow to feel that the steel magnates of Denver or the packing magnates of Chicago were his brothers. But in

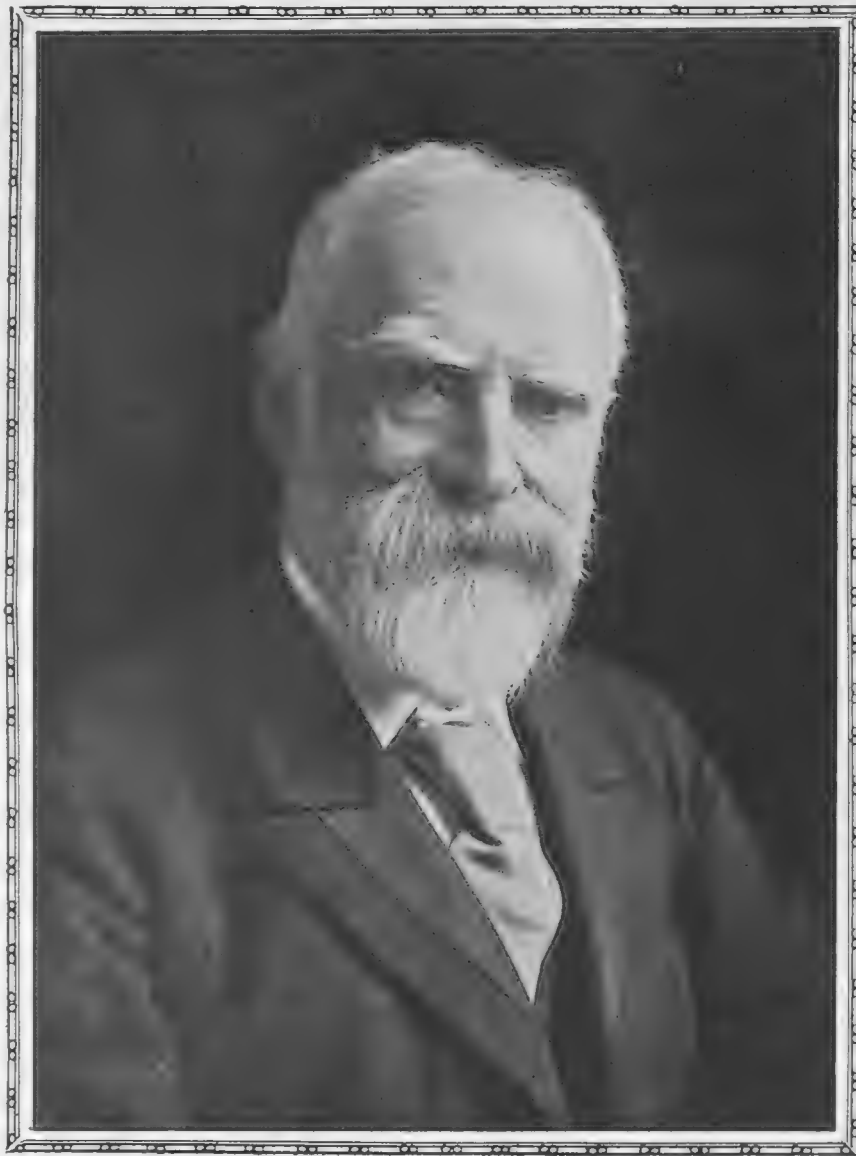
Washington he felt at home. His famous work on "The American Commonwealth," published twenty years before he took up his official position in the American capital, was already the standard book on its subject—the American patriot's authoritative guide in the devious ways of patriotism. Mr. Bryce—the "Mr." of those days was a sort of link with all the "Misters" of that vast democracy—found himself a hero in a country where many of his own heroes had passed their lives. He found himself re-reading his Emerson, his Oliver Wendell Holmes, his Thoreau. And when he went walking, unlike the sedentary American citizen, he realised that he himself had a dash of Thoreau in his composition. Mr. Bryce never, like Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, disappeared from the Embassy for untold periods, but on Sundays he would ramble alone along the splendid ridge of rocks that forms the face of the hills on the Virginia side of the Potomac, or, forgetting about the necessity of catching the post to Downing Street, ramble in the woods on the Georgetown road.

Rivers and Gowns. The new Peer has been an angler as well

as a walker, and an Alpine climber as well as a wanderer among the Potomac rocks. He has been a keen observer of Nature for twenty-five years—or fifty—and an aviator for twenty-five minutes. At Oxford he was something of an oarsman; he knows St. Petersburg's Neva, Paris's Seine, Madrid's wretched little Manzanares; for he is, wherever he goes, a man of rivers. His career has ordained that he should be a member of all Academies, from Turin to Brussels, from Stockholm to Rome, from Edinburgh to Michigan, with Budapest, Harvard, Jena, Leipsic, and half-a-dozen more thrown in. His collection of gowns is unequalled; the famous Lord Anglesey's embroidered waistcoats were not more numerous. His manner, in consequence, is something of the gownsman's, but James Bryce is not truly known to any-

body who has never encountered him with an alpenstock, and snow on his thick boots.

The Islanders. In 1889 his Lordship married Miss Elizabeth Ashton; but he is most nearly involved in the Women's Question through his sister-in-law, Mrs. Annan Bryce, a convinced Suffragist. With his brother he has many tastes in common, including the Alps and the Law. And, like both Mr. and Mrs. Annan Bryce, he flies from cities to the snows for shelter, or to the island on the West Coast of Ireland that belongs, in its entirety, to his brother and his brother's wife.



A NEW YEAR PEER: THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, O.M., WHO HAS BEEN MADE A VISCOUNT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The chief of the new Peers, the Right Hon. James Bryce, O.M., is a Scot, born in 1838. He was called to the English Bar and was in practice until 1882. Two years before this he had entered the House of Commons as M.P. (L.) for the Tower Hamlets. Before very long he was appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and, later, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet. As Member for South Aberdeen, he became Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1905; two years later he became British Ambassador at Washington, a position he held with great distinction, and from which he retired about a year ago. The Order of Merit came to him in 1907, chiefly, of course, for his services to literature: his work on the American Commonwealth is known throughout the civilised world. In 1889, he married Elizabeth Marion, daughter of Mr. Thomas Ashton, of Fordbank, Manchester.—[Photograph by Haines.]



## IN THE HONOURS LIST ONLY AS WIVES.



1. LADY WARD, WIFE OF COLONEL SIR EDWARD WARD, PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR AND ONE OF THE NEW BARONETS.
2. LADY ISAACS, WIFE OF SIR RUFUS ISAACS, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND AND ONE OF THE NEW BARONS.
3. LADY STAFFORD, WIFE OF SIR THOMAS J. STAFFORD, MEDICAL COMMISSIONER OF THE IRISH "L. G. B." AND A NEW BARONET.
4. LADY STRATHCLYDE, WIFE OF THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION IN EDINBURGH AND ONE OF THE NEW BARONS.

When will women figure in the Honours List on their own account?—Lady Ward was Miss Florence Caroline Simons, and was married in 1880.—Lady Isaacs was Miss Alice Edith Cohen, and married in 1887.—Lady Stafford, whose marriage took place in 1890, was Miss Frances King-Harman, daughter of the late Colonel the Right

5. LADY HARMSWORTH, WIFE OF SIR HAROLD HARMSWORTH, Br., NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR AND ONE OF THE NEW BARONS.
6. LADY LOWTHER, WIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR GERARD LOWTHER, RECENTLY AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY AND A NEW BARONET.
7. LADY MCFARLAND, WIFE OF SIR JOHN MCFARLAND, CARRIER-OUT OF THE THIRLMERE WATERWORKS AND A NEW BARONET.
8. MRS. BRYCE, WIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, O.M., RECENTLY BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON AND THE NEW VISCOUNT.

Hon. E. R. King-Harman, M.P.—Lady Strathclyde was Miss Margaret MacDowall Stephen, of Glasgow.—Lady Harmsworth, whose marriage took place in 1893, was Miss Mary Lilian Share.—Lady Lowther was Miss Alice Blight, of Philadelphia. Her marriage took place in 1905.—Mrs. Bryce, married in 1889, was Miss Elizabeth Marion Ashton.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell, Walton Adams, Werner, Lafayette, Barnett, and Elliott and Fry: that of Lady Harmsworth from the painting by Sargent.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Second and the Fourth Estates of the Realm again overlap. The peerage of Sir Harold Harmsworth is unique as being the second given to one family in one generation for its connection with the Press. Legends gather quickly enough round the men of immense successes, and everybody knows for certain by now that when Alfred Harmsworth chose his title he chose Northcliffe just because he wanted to sign his letters with an N—the N of his demigod, Napoleon, whose bust faces him on his writing-table. Anyway, one reason is about as good as another in the choice of a title, unless it be a territorial one; and of territorial titles people are beginning to fight a little shy, as if there were a certain assumption about them in two senses of the word, as well as an added publicity which becomes more and more irksome under modern conditions. The new Press peer endowed the King Edward VII. Chair of English Literature, which "Q" occupies, at Cambridge.

*A Poor Clare.* Though women, List on their own merits, it is, of course, quite understood that men considerably accept these gew-gaws only because "Mrs." prefers



TO MARRY MR. WILLIAM C. JENNINGS TO-DAY (JAN. 7): MISS VIOLET ROGERS.

Miss Rogers is the second daughter of the late Mr. Walter Lacy Rogers, barrister-at-law, and of Mrs. Lacy Rogers, of 11, Queen's Gate Place. Mr. Jennings, of The Grove, Droxford, Hants, is the son of the late Mr. Richard Jennings, of Portland Place.

Photograph by Swaine.

a decade of years; and the rest is—silence.

*A Full House.* The Duchess of Westminster was at Wynyard Park last week for the theatricals. She, like most of Lord and Lady Londonderry's guests, takes something more than an onlooker's interest in acting. Lord and Lady Helmsley, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord Stewart, the Hon. Maureen Stewart, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Chaplin with a son, were other members of the house-party, and most of them members of the cast as well. The only theatrical necessity not adequately supplied by the Wynyard Park guests themselves was an audience. The servants' hall, however, proved to be full of understudies for the stalls, and the play was given before a full house of—housemaids, and others.



TO MARRY IN NEW YORK THIS MONTH: CAPTAIN C. W. F. P. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE AND MRS. LILLA GILBERT.

Mrs. Gilbert is the widow of Mr. H. Bramhall Gilbert, of Great Neck, Long Island, U.S.A., and daughter of the late Mr. William V. Brockaw, of New York City. Captain Dugmore, late A.S.C., is the son of the late Captain Dugmore, and of the Hon. Mrs. Dugmore, of Brockhurst, Guernsey, and is a nephew of Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Photographs by Swaine.



LIEUTENANT T. C. C. BOLSTER, R.N., WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS GRETA DICK-LAUDER WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (JAN. 6).

Lieutenant Bolster, R.N., is serving on H.M.S. "Lightning."

Photograph by Swaine.



MISS FRANCES CICELY EVELYN CHURCHILL AND MR. CARDELL PASCOE MARTYN, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (JAN. 6).

Miss Churchill is the only child of the late Colonel C. M. Churchill, and of Mrs. Churchill, of Holmwood Park, Wimborne, and The Manor House, Buckland Ripers, Dorsetshire. Mr. Martyn, formerly of the 16th Lancers, is the son of Mr. George Martyn, of Tremeddon, Liskeard, Cornwall.—[Photographs by Kate Pragnell and Swaine.]

*A Luncheon Party.* "One o'clock; slight repast; red wine; abundant talk; no speeches"—such were the terms of Mr. Rowley's invitation to the National Liberal Club last Wednesday. The terms were, in the main, abided by; but a tardy poet kept his imperturbable host waiting ten minutes; and the repast broke the agreement by a course or two. The menu, furnished with a design by Commendatore Walter Crane, who was present, bore a second drawing by a lady, who was not. "Where is she?" asked Mr. Philip Snowden; "where are they all?" demanded Mr. Will Crooks. But Mr. Rowley quickly appeased the champions of Women's Rights. He explained that a ladies' luncheon had been given the day before.

"Don't be Personal."

The only topic that did not run the round of Mr. Rowley's long table was the Honours List, to be published on the morrow. The National Liberal Club was just the place in which to make shrewd guesses at the likely names, and here and there a couple of luncheon guests ventured a forecast, but between themselves and almost in whispers. Taken as a whole, a gathering at the National Liberal Club is not quite at its case on New Year's Eve.

When, at such a time and under that roof, secretaries and scientists, journalists and men of letters, merchants and M.P.s, are met together, it has to be assumed, at any rate, that the question of Honours is in all probability a directly personal one.

"The Life of the Cell."

Sir Bertram Windle has been mistaken, to his own great amusement, for a purveyor of scandal. His lecture the other day was announced under the title "The Life of the Cell," and when he stepped on to the platform he noticed an unusual pack of people in the cheaper regions of the hall. For five minutes he talked about red corpuscles and white corpuscles, and then a man got up and made for the exit, followed by several others. Sir Bertram was told afterwards that they had expected "revelations" about nunneries.



MISS GRETA DICK-LAUDER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LIEUTENANT T. C. C. BOLSTER, R.N., WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (JAN. 6).

Miss Dick-Lauder is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. E. A. Dick-Lauder, and of Mrs. Dick-Lauder, of 37, Thurlow Square.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

MCC—Etc.

The New Year wasted no time in bringing in its own particular new fashions—one of them, at least, arrived by first post on Jan. 1. By common consent, it seemed, the writers of good wishes dated their benisons, not for "1914," but for MCMXIV. As the Roman revival that sends Society damsels to fancy-dress balls in chiton and sandals is also affecting the numerals on their newspaper, it is good to observe that their scholarship is equal to the occasion—unlike that of the Eton boy who, when asked to interpret "MCCCCIX," could only suggest that it was a corruption of an M.C.C. Eleven.



BREAKABLE, NOT BENDABLE; AND VIRTUE, NOT ANCESTRY.



SOCIETY ON THE RIVIERA: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER (LEFT), THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (CENTRE), AND THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND (RIGHT).

The family motto of the Duke of Sutherland is "You may break, but shall not bend me"; that of the Duke of Westminster is "Virtue, not ancestry." The marriage of the fifth Duke of Sutherland, who succeeded last year, and Lady Eileen

Butler, daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough, took place in 1912. The second and present Duke of Westminster was married to Miss Constance Edwina Cornwallis-West, daughter of Colonel William Cornwallis Cornwallis-West, in 1901.

*Photograph by Navello.*





# BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

IN that surprising country, the United States of America, all things are possible, but to come down to breakfast in New York and to find in great headlines across the top of the column in one of the most sober of that city's daily papers that "School Children Boast Agnosticism" does give one rather a jar. "Say They Have No Religion and Don't Know Where They Go When They Die"—it was so that the article continued. Here indeed was food for thought far more important than the food for the body—molasses and buckwheat cakes and country sausages and shirred eggs and English breakfast tea—that the very independent waiter had put before me. The dishes and the tea grew cold as I read.

It appeared that at the Public School at the corner of Schenk Avenue and New Lots Road, East New York, the children organised an opposition to the singing of certain religious songs provided in the school song-book. In fact, like their elders and betters, they went on strike—and they won their point, "they got away with it." "They wanted us to sing those songs," said a fourteen-year-old girl, "and we wouldn't." Asked why they wouldn't, some of them had replied that the songs—very ordinary hymns, as far as I can make out, of the type that even the children of the most advanced thinkers have been singing lustily all the last two or three weeks: carols and so on, in effect—"were against their religion," and others that "they didn't believe in any religion." "That's it," put in one of the girls; "they're a lot like me. We don't go in for any religion, for we don't know where we go when we die." And "on the street," a little boy, rejoicing in the Anglo-Saxon name of Izzy Fischer, had gathered a group of his school-mates. Half of the older ones insisted that they didn't believe in any religion.

"I don't believe in no religion," said one boy.

"Did your parents tell you that?"

"No, I just thought it out, and if you go a little bit further down the street you will find lots more who don't believe in religion either."

These small revolutionaries are under the school supervision of a gentleman whose district comprises East New York and Brownsville, and who is responsible, if we use the old phrases, for fifty thousand young souls. Apparently he either thought they had reason on their side or that discretion was the better part of valour. He had, he said,



WEARING THE HEART ON THE—  
HOSE: LADIES' STOCKINGS EM-  
BROIDERED WITH THE NAME OF  
THE FAVOURED SWAIN!

Photograph by Austin.

"no intention of forcing conviction down the throats of the children." "The tendency of the younger element is not to affiliate themselves with any orthodox religion. . . ." As they say in America, Can you beat it? One has to turn for consolation to the *Illustrated London News* of Christmas week, where

Mr. G. K. Chesterton crystallises the fit and proper attitude towards children in one fine phrase: "In dealing with childhood we have the right to command it—because we should kill the childhood if we convinced it."

Not so very far from Brownsville and East New York, just across a narrow strip of water, is Long Island, and on Long Island is the town or city—so many places in America are cities—of Whitestone. They have their own ways of dealing with this wave of agnosticism in Whitestone. The Pastor of its Methodist Episcopal Church is the Rev. Frank H. Ebright, and he set out the other day to explain "Why Churches Should Advertise," and being a man of his word, he has put his doctrines to the proof. He claims that the first advertisement that he published increased the attendance in his church one-third. After examining his advertisement I am not surprised. At its head appears a detailed drawing by some Blake imitator of the Almighty seated on clouds, with his feet resting on the Earth and surrounded by constellations and singing angels.

Below are the "displayed" lines of the pastor's appeal. He calls the business for which he is whipling up customers "Lord and Co." The reader is adjured to "Get the Habit," and is told that at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twentieth Street he will find "a Full Line of Furnishings for Men, Women, and Children—Helmets, Breast-plates, Swords, and Shields." "We guarantee," the advertisement goes on to say, "these goods absolutely will wear for ever. They will be given away without money and without price from November 9 to 16!"

Mr. Ebright is intellectually convinced of the wisdom, the common-sense of his departure from convention: "If a clergyman finds his audience is small it is his duty to find ways and means to fill the empty pews. If a department store can fill its aisles by announcements in the daily Press, if doctors can spread the teachings of cleanliness and hygiene through the columns of newspapers, and if theatres can be filled by billboard announcements—then we have a set of facts which a minister of the gospel may well consider."

All the same, I do not like his practice, and I do most sincerely hope that his example will not spread. It seems to my un-American mind more than likely that the secret of Mr. Ebright's one-third increase was that it was an increase of scandalised curiosity. A pastor who can advertise in such a manner might carry his views to the altar and the pulpit. You might see anything in his church.

And, once again, Can you beat it?



WORN BY THOSE WHO WOULD SCREAM AT THE REAL THING! A BEETLE  
AND A DRAGON-FLY AS DECORATIONS FOR VEILS.

Photographs by Delius.



WEARING THE HEART ON THE—  
HOSE: LADIES' STOCKINGS EM-  
BROIDERED WITH THE NAME OF  
THE FAVOURED SWAIN!

Photograph by Austin.

## ARE YOU IN THIS BAR EVERY DAY AND NIGHT?



CELEBRITIES AS WALL-PAPER: A VERY CURIOUS NEW BAR, AT BEAULIEU, WHOSE WALLS ARE DECORATED WITH PICTURES OF MANY WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE.

The walls of this bar are covered, as may be seen, with presentments of well-known people cut from posters, illustrated papers, and so on, and stuck on a white background. The bar itself and the cask which serves as a table are decorated in the same way. Many

of the smaller pictures are those of visitors to the Riviera who have been caricatured by "Sem." The chief figure on the right of the lower photograph is that of Harry Fragon, the famous comedian who met death in such tragic fashion last week in Paris.





## ON THE FORMIDABLE ART OF KISSING, AND OTHER EVER-TOPICAL SUBJECTS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

**T**HANK you, amiable readers—the same to you! May it be short, palpitating, full of adventures, romance, and thrills; may each of its days be different from its brothers; may you unlearn all worldly wisdom and become younger and lighter and more careless as you run between the hedges of 1914! But

perhaps I wish you things that you do not want—perhaps I am merely lending you my own wishes. In that case, *mes amis*, be happy after your own fashion, as long as you are happy and radiate happiness on others!

I will write soon to each of you who has been so kind as to think of me in the turmoil of the year-end, but let me first thank here my far-away friends.

Many thanks for the Eastern Calendar, and many thanks to "R.A." for that wonderful Chinese embroidery—oh, those blue birds on the golden sky! How charming of you to remember I love peacocks! I hope you all had as good a time during the holidays as I have had—I doubt if you had a better! You see, with most people happiness is a matter of mood, of



GOLFING AT MONTE: THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

Photograph by Navello.

chance, of opportunity—with me it is a matter of principle! I have got to be happy, or else I consider there is shameful mismanagement, and, of course, the management is always in our own hands.

For instance, most people only know Christmas by its trappings—the yearly good-will and the mistletoe. They will tell you apologetically, after a blessed outburst of humanity, "Christmas only comes once a year, you know!" Whose fault is it, pray, that it is not there all the year round? Good-will needs no accompaniment of plum-pudding, and I have always considered mistletoe a superfluity. Mistletoe is very fine as a decoration—I love its pearls set in verdigris. I am all the more fond of it that it used to be a sacred plant with my ancestors the Gauls, but I quarrel with mistletoe in its rôle of legaliser of the situation! Situations need never be legalised, and a kiss under the mistletoe has no more thrill in it than a how-do-you-do in your mamma's drawing-room! One should not kiss because it is allowed, any more than one should kiss because it is forbidden; in so doing one loses the essence of kissing—which is a spontaneous, elemental, and irreflective necessity. The best kiss is the one that could not be helped. Kissing—like property—should not be a question of right, but of want!

The disadvantage—nay, the degeneracy—of the modern mamma is that she has very little time for fairy-tales by the nursery fire. It is a sad pity, for children are almost as much in need of illusion

as grown-ups are, and it is difficult to say which is more wholesome for a growing child—legend or porridge.

Little May received several books amongst her Christmas presents; many were fairy-tale books. Little May, I am sorry to say, is a modern child—that is, a miscreant one. Yet she has been lied to most properly about Mélusine and Santa Claus; she has been told to consider Perrault as an historian, and that an ogre was as redoubtable as a motor-omnibus. In spite of this orthodox education, Little May is not blessed with faith, but she dimly realises what the unbeliever loses. Someone, finding her sweeping Andersen's Fairy Tales with her fair curls, asks of May, "What, little woman, reading Andersen instead of Jules Verne? I thought you did not believe in fairies!" And little May answers in a dreamy voice, without looking up, "No, but I love fairy-tales because they are not true!"

Who can explain to me why the nicest of Englishmen are also the densest? Is it that they dare not let their minds gallop freely, for fear they might sink into unsafe ground? Or is it—painful surmise—that their minds have stiff joints?

Here is a conversation overheard by me at a New Year party.

It was a *sotto voce* but anodyne conversation about winter sports in general and bob-sleighing in particular—a conversation which, I imagine to the disappointment of the lady, showed no sign of sliding into flirtation or hurling itself into love-making, between a nice Englishman of the slow kind and a vivacious foreigner—she was Spanish or Italian, or perhaps French—one of those women who are not particularly pretty, nor witty, nor remarkable in any way except in their intense femininity, and who act on men's minds as a drop on a razor-edge. It was quite a small and informal party; someone was playing softly on the piano, but the pianist, though skilful, was considerate enough not to cover the noise of the conversations. At the final chord there was a murmur of "Thank you!" "Delightful!" "Charmings!" and the nice Englishman, who evidently was fond of music, begged of the pianist, "Oh, do play that again, old chap, and play it louder—it should be played with more *brio*, you know, much louder!"

The minx at his side touched his sleeve with her fan. "Hush, be careful! You are compromising me!"

The nice Englishman is still wondering what she meant!



SEEKER—AND FINDER—OF A PLACE IN THE SUN: THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN GOLFING AT MONTE CARLO.

The marriage of the fifth Earl of Rosslyn and Vera Mary, daughter of Eric Edward Bayley, formerly of the 17th Lancers, took place in 1908.

Photograph by Navello.



ON THE RIVIERA: LORD AND LADY RENDLESHAM.

Lord Rendlesham is the sixth Baron. Lady Rendlesham was Miss Lilian Manly, and is the daughter of the late J. Manly, J.P., of St. Catherine's, Kingston, Jamaica.

Photograph by Navello.

THE BUN - STRUGGLE.



THE TEACHER (*at a school treat*): What's the matter with Horace, Mrs. Jones? 'Is he ill?  
 MRS. JONES: Oh, no, Miss. 'E ain't exactly ill, but no stummick can't stand nine buns.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





## AFTER SEVENTY YEARS: A MUSICIAN'S MEMORIES.\*

**Wagner Stories.** When an artist as ripe in years and as rich in experience as Wilhelm Ganz sets down his memories for all to read, it is certain that there has come to the crowded bookshelf a work full of famous names and of intimacies. On the other hand, it is not invariably wise to play prophet and predict entertainment. There be memoirs dull and memoirs delightful, even as there are those which are discreet and those which are indiscreet. Fortunately, those under review need not fear to be found below Du— or Ind—. There is much—very much—that is excellent in them, as surely you should find for yourself. Interest there must always be in such notes as "Wagner wrote a brochure called 'Das Judenthum in der Musik,' in which he speaks against Jewish composers, theoretically only, for he had many staunch friends amongst them. It created a great sensation at the time, and he sent a copy to Offenbach, who, after reading it, wrote to him—

'Dear Wagner,—You had better stick to music.'

Wagner thereupon sent Offenbach a copy of the score of the 'Meistersinger,' and a few days later had the following—

'Dear Wagner,—I think you had better stick to writing books.'

How many know, by the way, that Wagner inaugurated the system now so general of concealing the orchestra "by sinking the floor and thus placing them below the stage and stalls, screening them from the audience, who thus had an uninterrupted view of the stage"?

"Nephew of Meyerbeer," and a Corner in Organs. There is, too, a capital Meyerbeer story. "During the Siege of Paris, Ambroise

Thomas was much troubled about the fate of his villa at Argenteuil, and as soon as he could leave Paris he hastened there. To his surprise, amidst the surrounding ruins of the place, he found his villa 'Elsinore,' with its garden, untouched. On opening the door, he found the explanation. A visiting-card was lying there bearing the name 'Lieutenant —,' and underneath, in pencil, was written, 'nephew of Meyerbeer.' This recalls another story, which brings to mind the old one of the "Pupil of Mascagni" organ-grinder! The scene is Moncalieri, when Verdi was staying in a villa there. A friend of Mr. Ganz found the composer "in a room which, Verdi said, was his drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom combined, adding, 'I have two other large rooms—but they are full of things that I have hired for the season.' Verdi threw open the doors, and showed him a collection of several dozen piano-organs. 'When I arrived here,' he said, 'all these organs were playing airs from "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," and my other operas from morning till night. I was so annoyed that I hired the whole lot for the season. It has cost me about a thousand francs, but at all events I am left in peace.'"

\* "Memories of a Musician: Reminiscences of Seventy Years of Musical Life." By Wilhelm Ganz. (John Murray; 12s. net.)

**Titians, China-Smasher.**

Hear, further, of the famous operatic star, Theresa Titians. "To those who knew her, as I did later," writes Mr. Ganz, "as a most sympathetic and kind-hearted artiste, it was a surprise to learn that she at one time used to suffer from a bad temper; and in these outbursts she felt a strong desire to smash anything that came handy. Finding this a somewhat expensive amusement, her sister used from time to time to buy 1s. 6d. worth of cheap china, which was placed on the mantelpiece and shelves ready for emergencies. She also related how at last she was cured of this failing. She was sitting at supper after a concert at a provincial town when the manager made some remark which annoyed her. As usual, she took the first thing that came to hand, a soda-water bottle, and flung it at him. The manager was sitting at a table with his back to the window. The bottle missed him, smashed through the window, and nearly killed a casual passer-by. This, she says, gave her such a shock that she was completely cured of her failing." In somewhat similar vein is a paragraph illustrating "enthusiasm":

"Apropos of 'Carmen' and such emotional parts as Don José, there have been singers on the operatic stage who have been so carried away by the excitement of the rôle they were playing as to become really dangerous. A tenor in particular, in the last act of 'Carmen'—when Don José, driven mad by jealousy, ends the scene by stabbing Carmen—used to give such a dig as to wound the lady playing the part. Her husband thereupon informed the excitable tenor that he would stand in the wings at the next performance with a pistol, adding, 'You hurt my wife—I shoot!'"

Other exciting incidents on the operatic stage are told in connection with the career of Madame Patti, who has had more than one narrow escape from death.

**Jean de Reszke, Baritone; and Fees.** Then to another famous name: "It is a

strange fact that M. Jean de Reszke first came out in London as a baritone... his first appearance at Covent Garden was in the opera 'Les Huguenots,' in which he played the rôle of the Count de Nevers—a baritone part. Signor Cotogni, who was in the same opera, helped him to dress and make-up, and gave him some good advice about the part, little thinking that in after-years he would become the great tenor who would captivate all his hearers not only by his marvellous voice, but by his clever and most intelligent acting." Then, as a final quotation, something about fees! "Talking about modern singers reminds me of the enormous fees which they—principally the sopranos—receive for singing at private parties, sometimes as much as 300, 400,

and 500 guineas, while in former years such great artists as Grisi, Mario, Bosio, and the old Lablache only received 15 or 20 guineas for each entertainment." And so—to the book itself, with a hearty recommendation.



FROM THE SHIP OF THE ILL-FATED SCOTT ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "TERRA NOVA" SET UP IN ROATH PARK, CARDIFF.

The tablet reads: "Figure-head of British Antarctic Expedition Ship, 'Terra Nova,' in which Captain Scott and other members of the Expedition sailed on the 15th June, 1910, from the port of Cardiff. Presented to The Cardiff Corporation by Frederick Charles Bowring, Esq., of Liverpool, 8th December, 1913."



NOT A LEPPER BORN: A REGIMENTAL CAMEL SOWAR TAKING ONE OF THE JHANSI STEEPLECHASE JUMPS.

The correspondent who sends us this very interesting photograph from India notes that it is a very unusual thing for a camel to jump at all.—[Photograph by C. B. Mansfield.]

# WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITHOUT THE CAMERA?

A SNAP AT OUR NOBLE SELVES.



A "SNAP" OF LORD TANGO, WHO, BY THE WAY, IS A KEEN PLAYER OF "TIDDLY WINKS."



LADY WURZEL (ON RIGHT), LOOKING EXTREMELY WELL AGAIN AFTER HER RECENT ATTACK OF MUMPS.



A "SNAP" OF SIR GUY AND LADY FLIP, WHO, BY THE WAY, WERE MARRIED RECENTLY.



LORD NOSUCH (THE SECOND FIGURE FROM THE LEFT), WHO HAS JUST SOLD HIS COLLECTION OF WHITE MICE.

DRAWN BY G. S. SHERWOOD.





## A Novel in a Nutshell

## SPECIAL SERVICE.

By HORACE WYNDHAM.

"WHAT'S Nobby Clarke looking so jolly pleased with himself about?" inquired Tug Wilson, as, the morning parade finished, he, together with Ginger Jordan and Dusty Smith, sat in the Rutlands' canteen. "I saw him coming out of the orderly-room just now, smiling as if the Flag had given him two days' pay instead of one without knowing it."

"He's got a pass to London," said Smith enviously; "he's off there this afternoon."

"Got a pretty good neck on him to put in for it," observed Wilson. "Why, Nobby isn't a month clear of defaulters' yet."

"It's 'orrid favouritism," declared a recruit, "that's what it is. When I asked for a pass the other day the colour-sergeant said he'd shove me in the clink."

"And that's where you ought to be, my lad," retorted Ginger, sticking up for his absent comrade. "What's the Service coming to when young chaps who haven't even finished their squad-drill want the privileges of old soldiers like me and Nobby and Tug Wilson?"

The recruit retired abashed, while the three more seasoned veterans shared another pot of beer. As Dusty Smith, who was having the first drink, blew the froth off it, Private Clarke entered the canteen.

"Cheer-oh, you chaps," he said, sitting down at their table. "Sorry, but I'm too busy to stop long."

"I reckon you can stop long enough for a drink," said Wilson, as he pushed the beer towards him. "Going to London, aren't you?"

"That's right. Going by the next train. Have to pack my kit."

"How did you manage to get a pass?" inquired Ginger.

"Easy enough. You see, I'm on special service," returned Nobby in his most important manner.

"What's that?"

"It's a sort of confidential mission. I was picked out for it special by the C.O."

"Why?"

"Because an extra smart man was wanted."

"And you got the job? I don't understand that."

"Why not?"

"Oh, nothing. Still, it's a bit rum."

Nobby looked up quickly, and frowned at the speaker.

"Parrot blood in your veins, isn't there?" he demanded.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you keep on saying the same thing over and over again."

"Well, what's this special service job you're gassing about?" demanded Dusty.

"Recruiting."

"Recruiting?"

"Didn't you hear what I said?—or shall I write it down?"

"Go on!"

"I am going on. I'm going on this job. Any objection, Mr. Blooming Dusty Smith?"

Nobby looked at him so pugnaciously that the other hastened to make amends.

"Sorry," he said. "Tell us how you got the job. Here, have a drink first."

"And a Wild Woodbine, too," said Wilson, producing a packet of cigarettes.

"Thanks," said Nobby in a mollified voice, as he accepted the hospitality offered him. "This was how it happened. When the colonel signed my pass, 'Nobby,' says he—'Private Clarke, I mean'—while you're away see if you can pick up an acceptable recruit for the battalion. If you get hold of a good one, there's a Government reward of half-a-crown, and I'll spring another two-and-six myself." "Thank you, Sir," I said: "if I see a likely chap, depend on it, I'll tell him the tale all right." The C.O. only laughed."

"Did you touch him for a bit on account?"

"Didn't like to chance it. Wish I had."

"Let's have a look at your pass," begged Tug Wilson enviously. "It's three months since I saw one."

"Here it is," said the proud owner, taking a printed slip from his pocket. "Listen, you chaps—No. 3764 Pte. Clarke, A Company, Rutland Light Infantry, has permission to be absent from his quarters at Aldershot from 2 p.m., the 4th inst., to 3.30 p.m., the 5th inst., for the purpose of proceeding to London; and also to wear plain clothes while out of barracks.—G. G. Bostock, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding battalion." Bit of all right, eh?"

The three warriors examined the document with mingled admiration and interest, and as if it were a priceless treasure from the manuscript department of the British Museum.

"Looks genuine enough," said Dusty, scrutinising the signature. "What will you do in London, Nobby?"

"Call at the War Office, to see how things are getting along there, and drop in once or twice at my West End club."

"And where are you going to find your recruit?"

"Haven't thought of that yet. Still, I shan't come back without one."

"Reckon if you're not careful you'll be coming back with Tug and me for escort," said Ginger. "It's what happened to Dusty Smith here, the last time he went to London on pass."

"'Drunk and absent' was what they had the nerve to put against me," said that warrior. "I couldn't help being absent, as I lost my railway ticket, and a civilian chap did me down for my money."

"And what about being boozed?"

"That was all rot. I'd only had six, or seven quarts the day I got copped."

"Hard lines," said Nobby. "But it's always the way. The military police run you in for simply nothing. Well, I'm off now," he added. "Any messages to London?"

"Yes," said Tug Wilson, "my kind regards to the chap who 'listed me."

### II.

Nobby thoroughly enjoyed his brief spell of liberty, and filled every moment of it. On arrival in London he put up at the Union Jack Club, and, after a hearty meal, spent the evening in the gallery of a music-hall. The next morning he devoted to watching the Guards drilling in Hyde Park. Then, tiring of this, he walked about the streets, visited two picture-palaces, a mock-auction sale in Leicester Square, a coffee-stall, and three public-houses.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, as he stood on the pavement waiting for a bus to take him back to his quarters, somebody jostled up against him. Turning round to utter a vigorous protest, he saw a pallid, nervous-looking young man, with a slight limp, blinking at him through a pair of spectacles. His appearance was so apologetic that Nobby's anger vanished, and he merely remarked "Clumsy!"

"Beg pardon," said the stranger.

"Granted. Your fault."

"Could you direct me to the Holborn Tube?" went on the other.

"Well," said Nobby, "I'm a bit out of my bearings here. You see, there have been a lot of changes in London since I joined the Army."

The young man looked at him with sudden interest.

"Are you in the Army, then?"

"That's the idea they have at the War Office."

"Dear me, this is really very fortunate. I wonder if you would be so good as to tell me one or two things that I want to know?"

"Ask away," said Nobby, who was always affable to strangers.

"But have you time?"

"All the time there is."

"Still, we can't very well discuss the matter here," was the hesitating response. "Perhaps you would—er—join me in a little refreshment?"

"Would a duck swim?"

"I beg your pardon!"

"Try me and see."

"Er—quite so. My idea was some supper. Now, where shall we go? You choose."

Nobby grinned with satisfaction. He was on a soft thing. Properly worked, there was beer in this—not to mention a square meal.

"We're a bit far from the Ritz Hotel," he returned, "but there's a Sam Isaacs fish-shop just round the corner, if you'd run to that."

"I think a restaurant would be preferable," observed the stranger. "I see one almost opposite. By the way, let me introduce myself. My name is Booter—Algernon Booter."

"And mine is Nobby. Very pleased to meet you, Mr. Bloomer."

"Booter, if you don't mind."

"Not at all. Now, where's this cookshop of yours?"

A couple of minutes later they were both sitting in a small Italian restaurant on the other side of the street. While the meal was being served Nobby, congratulating himself on the chance encounter, studied his host attentively. He seemed a harmless sort of person, and appeared to have no lack of money. At any rate, he ordered a generous supply of food and drink.

Nobby was not kept long discovering why his company was being sought. When Mr. Booter had drunk half a bottle of claret he became communicative.

[Continued overleaf.]

## A TRIPLE BILL.



THE CALLER: I want to see your master about a bill.  
 THE DIPLOMATIC SERVANT: He left for the country last night.  
 THE CALLER: I want to pay him.  
 THE DIPLOMATIC SERVANT (*hastily*): But he returned this morning.

DRAWN BY SEYMOUR HURLEY.



THE SNOW-SWEEPER (*to the lady of the house, who has come to the front door*): Scrape yer back for tuppence, Mum?

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAURENY.



WIFE: John! John! The ship's going down!  
 JOHN (*sick unto indifference*): Well, never mind: it isn't ours.

DRAWN BY MORGAN RENDLE.



"And what is your regiment?" he inquired.

"The Rutland Light Infantry."

"I suppose it's a crack corps?"

"The very crackest there is. Regular Brazils in that crush!"

"Dear me!" said the other. Then he leaned across the table, and sank his voice confidentially.

"The fact is," he said, with a little stammer; "I'm very anxious to join the Army myself."

"What's stopping you?"

"Well, I don't know how to set about it."

Nobby pricked up his ears. He was in luck's way. The promised recruiting-fee was already earned. "Come along with me to-morrow and enlist," he said. "I'll learn you what to do."

"But I couldn't dream of becoming a common soldier," protested Mr. Booter, shaking his head.

"Oh, couldn't you?" murmured Nobby.

"But—er—aren't there other positions which a man like me could fill?"

"As an officer, do you mean?"

"No, not that, either. I don't think I could manage the examinations. What I thought was I might fill one of these other positions."

"Which ones?"

"Well, something between an officer and a private. A post as sergeant-major, for instance, would probably suit me. What do you think, Mr.—er—Nobby?"

"You're fair cut out for it."

The candidate blushed with pleasure.

"Do you really think so?"

"Said it to myself the moment I clapped eyes on you."

Mr. Booter was silent for a minute, evidently digesting Nobby's assertion. Then he looked up inquiringly.

"And what is your rank, may I ask?"

"Well, I'm a sort of confidential secretary and aidy-kong to the Colonel, if you understand that," answered Nobby, winking at his reflection in the mirror.

Not observing the wink, Mr. Booter looked profoundly impressed.

"Then of course you have great influence with him?" he hazarded.

"You can bet on that, chum. Our C.O. never does anything without consulting me."

"Do you think you could get me into your regiment? Of course, I'd—er—make it worth your while."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Nobby quickly.

"Well, I'd—er—reimburse you for any trouble and expense to which you might be put."

For a moment or two Nobby puffed at his cigarette, apparently lost in thought. In reality, he was wondering just how much he might safely ask. Then he put the question point-blank.

"Touching that matter of—er—reimbursing, what's your figure?"

"Well, I might go as far as a sovereign."

"Couldn't be done," said Nobby with promptitude. "You see, there's a run on the regiment. Everybody wants to join. Why, bless you, we're turning 'em away by hundreds."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Thousands more like it."

"Oh, dear, then I shall have to join another regiment."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Nobby, who had no intention of letting his prey slip through his fingers. "It might be worked after all, if I use my influence. Tell you what, spring a couple of quid?"

Mr. Booter, however, shook his head.

"I don't feel inclined to go beyond thirty shillings."

"Very well, I'll take it," returned Nobby, with apparent reluctance, but secretly over-joyed. "Got the cash on you?"

"Yes; here you are."

"Thanks," said the other, pocketing the coins. "Well, as a matter of fact, I've just remembered there are a couple of vacancies in my crush. One of 'em's for an adjutant, and the other's for a quartermaster. Now, which would you fancy most?"

Mr. Booter scratched his head, while he considered the problem in all its bearings.

"Is there any difference?" he inquired blandly.

"A bit," returned Nobby, concealing a grin.

"H'm, what does an adjutant do?"

"He's a very important bloke. Carries out inspections, and all that."

"I see," said the other, who was very far from doing anything of the sort. "And a quartermaster?"

"Well, he's a kind of assistant to myself. His job is mostly office-work. Sits in a chair all day and tots up accounts."

"I think that would suit me best," said Mr. Booter, looking thoughtful. "You see, I'm—er—just a trifle lame."

"Hadn't noticed it," returned Nobby politely. As a matter of fact, however, he had noticed it, and he was wondering uneasily what the doctor would say on the subject when he came to examine him. Apparently, the other shared his doubts, for he inquired if a medical inspection formed part of the process of enlistment. When told that it did, he shook his head.

"Couldn't you get me excused the inspection?" he demanded.

"Well, not altogether. Still, I might be able to work it so that

you wouldn't have to do more than just put out your tongue and let the poultice-wallah feel your pulse."

"I shouldn't mind that."

"Of course, you understand it would run you into a bit of money."

"How much?"

Nobby looked at the prospective recruit in a calculating fashion.

"Would ten bob hurt you?"

"Not at all."

"For the preliminary part of the squaring business," continued his sponsor quickly. "The whole thing would cost a sovereign."

Mr. Booter expressing his willingness to meet this additional outlay, Nobby promptly fixed up an appointment to meet him at the restaurant the next morning. Then he said good-night and walked away, treading on air.

"This is a soft thing," he chuckled to himself. "Young chap, bursting with money, and as green as grass! And he wants to be a soldier. It's five bob in my pocket if I get him accepted. And, even if I don't, I'm more than a couple of quid to the good already!"

### III.

After breakfast the next morning, the first thing Nobby did was to call at a post-office and send a telegram to the Adjutant. Composition not being a strong point with him, he made several ineffectual attempts to word the message satisfactorily. Then, struck by an idea, he took the young woman behind the counter into his confidence. She was a lady of resource, and with her help the task was accomplished—

"*Specially valuable recruit in tow. May I have week's extra leave?*—Pte. Clarke."

A couple of hours later the answer arrived—

"*Certainly not. Rejoin at once. Bring recruit.*—Adjutant."

"H'm," muttered Nobby, "that puts the lid on it!"

However, it was no good worrying. At the appointed time, accordingly, he went off to the restaurant. There, punctual to the moment, his acquaintance of the previous evening met him. Seen by daylight, that individual appeared a less promising recruit than ever. Still, Nobby saw no reason for damping his martial enthusiasm.

"It's fixed up all right," he said. "I've just had a telegram from headquarters. We must nip off to Aldershot by the next train. The fact is, the Colonel wants to see me very particular. Says he has an important scheme to consult me about."

"A telegram!" echoed Mr. Booter, impressed.

"Yes, a telegram. You know what that is—a piece of paper, with writing on it. Now, when can you start?"

"As soon as you like."

"Plenty of time for a bit of grub first. Our train doesn't go till two o'clock."

Reflecting that it would probably be the last square meal he would have at somebody else's expense for a considerable period, Private Clarke did full justice to the luncheon supplied him. Then, since his companion was willing to pay for it, and evidently disliked walking, they drove off in a cab to Waterloo. On arrival at Aldershot, another cab took them to barracks. As they reached the entrance, the Sergeant-Major came out of his quarters and stopped them with a peremptory gesture.

"What's all this?" he demanded in a stern voice.

"Recruit who wants to join, Sir," said Nobby.

"Yes," said Mr. Booter, lifting his hat and bowing politely.

"Have I the honour of addressing the Colonel?"

"No, you haven't!" snapped the veteran. Then he turned to Nobby. "Take this chap to the doctor at once. He'll see him now."

Having left the prospective recruit at the door of the medical officer's quarters, Nobby, glad to be rid of his charge, hurried off to his barrack-room. There, while he changed into uniform, he recounted his adventures in London to an admiring circle. Before he had half finished answering his comrades' eager questions, a corporal entered the room.

"Nobby Clarke in here?" he demanded.

"Yes. Who wants me?"

"The Adjutant."

"That's to get my five bob for landing a recruit," said Nobby.

"The doctor must have passed him, after all. Meet me at the canteen in ten minutes, you chaps."

Hurrying across the square, he conjured up a pleasing vision of the compliments awaiting him at the orderly-room. When, however, he saw the Adjutant there, he experienced something of a shock. That officer's manner, indeed, scarcely suggested warm approval of his efforts. In fact, as Nobby saluted, he scowled upon him.

"You're a fine recruiting-agent," he said severely. "And after having the nerve to apply for extra leave!"

"But I found a man, Sir," protested Nobby, considerably taken aback by this unexpected reception.

"Yes, you found a man," returned the other, hiding a grin.

"You must have been drunk when you found him, though."

Nobby looked up in astonishment, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Anything the matter with him, Sir?" he faltered.

"Where are your eyes?"

"Eyes, Sir?"

"Yes, you idiot! The doctor tells me the dashed fellow's got a cork leg!"

THE END.

THE SILENCER.



THE MAGISTRATE (*to offending motorist*): You are fined forty shillings.  
THE MOTORIST: All right, old man! You must take it out of a fiver.  
THE MAGISTRATE: You are now fined five pounds. Anything more to say?  
THE MOTORIST: By Jove, Sir, no! You're too quick at repartee.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



## THE CONVERT.



AS DIFFICULT AS SQUARING THE CIRCLE : GETTING ROUND A DEVOTEE OF THE OVAL BALL.

Our Artist illustrates the conversion of a "Rugger" man into an enthusiastic spectator of "Soccer."

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GILL.



# ON THE LINKS

GOLF IN COLD CLIMES AND WARM: THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

## Antidotes for Frosty Golf.

Whereas a fortnight back, when it was first turning to real winter, I used to be warm enough in the wrists and hands by the time we had reached the third tee—or the fifth if the game was going an evil way and making irritations—it has now become so much colder

morning. I have been trying to ruminate upon them as little as possible, for these make distracting and unsettling considerations; but a combination of circumstances ever reminds me now in these mid-winter days of the southern parts of Europe where the sun shines so well and the flowers grow. Every morning there comes a letter from somebody somewhere with a blue stamp on it and the figure "25." Those letters are not posted in England. They come from places where men are playing golf in flannels, and taking breakfast in the sun. Grimsby is on the east coast, and our east coast, as I myself know very well, catches it pretty badly in January. Well, a golfer has just written to me from Grimsby to say that my notes upon Nivelle, St. Jean de Luz the other day have settled it, and he will be there before these next ones are printed. It is no use telling me these things, having decided that for the first winter for very many I shall not go South. Somehow I am trying to ascribe it to Mr. Lloyd George that I do not. I have hinted as much to my handmaiden, and she is impressed, but I am not clear upon the point myself.



A GOLF-COURSE WHERE CAESAR'S LEGIONS ONCE WERE EXERCISED: "THROUGH THE GREEN" AT ROME IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE FOURTH HOLE—THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT IN THE DISTANCE.

that the woollen cuffs and various aids to comfort have to be employed, and even then the temperature is not ignored until we are well past the turn and the state of things for one side or the other becomes more serious than chilblains could ever be. To-day there was ice on a few spots of casual water on the way to the third hole on the great and famous course where I am playing, and I can tell you it was most perniciously cold walking that weary distance, fully a couple of hundred yards, from the last green. The argument that a man who can tramp ten miles over all sorts of rough country (and depend upon it, that country does become most terrifyingly rough when we are off our drives!), and not know that he has tramped at all, should not complain of little journeys before and after games may be rejected as advanced by persons who know not golf and are outside the happy community. But in the matter of practical available comforts in the biting blast, I have adopted the wearing on the days when the wind has prickly things in it a very thick silk scarf of the muffler variety, wrapped well and closely round the neck; and you cannot imagine the joy and comfort that it yields, and the pleasant sort of way that it enables you to go about your shots even when the storm-cones are run up at the coastguards' station. For the future I shall do this always. Of course, it is an absurdly simple and obvious suggestion; but it is so much so that players never think of it, and not one man in fifty on the links is ever so comforted and so protected. And may I tell you one reason why they are not? It is because they subconsciously inform themselves that any flummery of this kind about their necks will interfere with their actions. What actions? Only the actions of the head in the way of moving it could ever be interfered with, and the more those are prevented the better. A wrapping not of silk, but of wide, thick, cold steel would do some of us a power of good at times. I tell you, this silk neck-wear is an idea of infinite value, and soon you shall see every golfer with his silken shawl in winter.

**Wise Golfers Go South.** However, I have come to this page this week not to curse the cold or cure it, but to discuss its non-existence. There are places where it is not cold. We think of them before we rise in the

## Eighteen Holes at Rome.

And now there comes news from so far afield as Rome, which is quite one of the happiest places in the world for winter golf. Those who go to Rome in these days and would do as the Romans do should not go forth in the morning in a toga, which would interfere with swinging, but in comfortable golfing garb; and they should then get themselves out to Acqua Santa as speedily as possible, for there, on the Campagna where Caesar's legions once were exercised, is the golf-course of the period. The news is that the long-considered extension of this course has now been completed, and the full eighteen holes have been formally opened. As a nine-holes course this one has always been regarded as one of the best on the Continent. J. H. Taylor has told me that he would never wish for anything better. Now everybody declares that the new nine holes are in keeping with the rest, and that the course will help the pride of Rome in a new direction. The brothers Doig, professionals, played an exhibition match at the opening, and there was a distinguished gathering of people, British and Roman, there for the occasion. The president



ON THE LINKS AT ROME, WHICH HAVE BEEN EXTENDED TO A FULL EIGHTEEN HOLES: A PUTTING-GREEN.

The house is the headquarters of the Club. The long-considered extension of the course has now been completed and the full eighteen holes have been formally opened.



ON THE GOLF LINKS AT ROME: A PUTTING-GREEN—WITH THE VIA APPIA NUOVA AT ITS EDGE.

of the club this season is Don Prospero Colonna, and he was there. Sir Rennell Rodd, the British Ambassador, was there; Mr. Nelson Page was there—the truth is, dear reader, that nearly everybody seems to have been there except you and me, alas! The Rome Golf Club, by the way, was instituted in 1898, and is only two and a half miles from the Eternal City.

HENRY LEACH.





AT THE PALACE : MR. SEYMOUR HICKS : STILL MORE REVUE.

AT the Palace the festive season has not been employed for the production of anything in the nature of a revue, which is, to a certain extent, to its credit. There is, it is true, "A Pantomime Rehearsal," but that is as old as the hills, and there has recently been added a musical comedietta, entitled "Paris Frissons," by L. E. Berman, lyrics by M. Tharp, and music by Herman Finck. Here we discover M. Philippe Tournevan's Finishing School for Dancing, with a lot of pupils engaged in practising their art under the able supervision of the dancing-master, played by Mr. Robert Nainby. News is brought to this gentleman that his niece, Babette, proposes to pay him a visit—a piece of intelligence which fills him with feelings of the most unfriendly kind. He then takes an exit,

the Pagani management over the telephone with a view to carrying out his scheme, making way for his wife, who finds out all about his plan and orders a totally different dinner, and then settles down to her plan. With the assistance of a servant, she succeeds in making his life a burden to him, swathing him in countless heating wrappings and putting him uncomfortably to bed, returning ever and anon to add to his discomfort, finally revealing her knowledge of his little plot, and ending the piece in a most satisfactory style. Mr. Seymour Hicks is quite at his best in this little piece, and Miss Ellaline Terriss backs him up with her wonted charm. He is inexhaustible in his powers of fun-making, and when he finally rushes back to bed with his pyjamas discarded and with a top-hat on his head, a great shout of laughter goes up from the audience which is really good to hear. It may safely be predicted that this piece of fun-making will keep the Coliseum rocking with laughter for a long time to come.

Another Revue. The Hippodrome is now presenting yet another revue to crowded houses, and it seems certain enough that the vogue of this class of entertainment is not nearly over yet. Its triumphant career at the Alhambra has given it new life, and it begins to look almost as if the institution has come to stay. The authors of the new revue are Mr. Max Pemberton and Mr. A. P. de Courville, and they have together produced a piece for which it is safe to prophesy a prolonged success. The Hippodrome is fortunate enough to possess a company of singular capacity. In the first place, it owns Miss Ethel Levey, who ranks easily first in her line. She possesses a gift of burlesque in which she stands



"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE COMEDY: MISS CORA GOFFIN AS ALICE; THE DORMOUSE; AND MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN AS THE MAD HATTER, AT TEA PARTY.

and the lady arrives and immediately proceeds to execute a dance with considerable effect. A change of scene then takes place, and we are removed to a sort of subterranean place, in which Mademoiselle again makes her appearance and again dances, and also gives an exhibition of her gymnastic powers. Then the old scene is resumed; the dancing-master is vastly pleased with the success of his new pupil, and the curtain falls on his giving her permission to wed his young assistant, who has been ostensibly in love with the lady ever since her first appearance on the stage. This little piece has been well staged by Mr. Alfred Butt, with his usual skill, and some excellent music has been written for it by Mr. Herman Finck, who thoroughly knows what he is about; but somehow or other, it fails to impress one with anything but its vagueness. Mlle. Régine Flory sings her songs very well, dances her dances with agility, and wears her Paris dresses with excellent effect; Mr. Robert Nainby is as neat and nimble as ever, and the young ladies all look very charming; but there is something wanting, and it is more than probable that that something will very soon be added.

At the Coliseum. It is a treat to see a house crammed full and to hear or see it rocking with laughter, and such a sight can now be witnessed at the Coliseum, where the redoubtable Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss are now playing in a most mirth-provoking little piece called "Always Tell Your Wife," by E. Temple Thurston. It tells of a newly married couple who are engaged to dine out, but the young husband has been constrained to back out of his engagement owing to the necessity of going to Pagani's to meet and pay off a young woman whom he has known before his marriage. He enters in dress clothes, over which he proceeds to put pyjamas, as he has been forced to simulate an amazingly bad cold. He executes a great deal of business with



"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE COMEDY: MR. CLIVE CURRIE AS THE MOCK TURTLE; MISS CORA GOFFIN AS ALICE; AND MR. JAMES HARCOURT AS THE GRYPHON.

unrivalled, and can dance a Tango against anybody. Then there is Miss Shirley Kellogg, who is full of energy and can wear a striking dress to great effect, while Mr. Morris Harvey is a most accomplished mimic. In addition to this galaxy of talent, Mr. Harry Tate has been secured as the airman with the exalted views, who is always certain of success. In addition to all these attractions, there is the management, which devotes all its talents to the invention of piquant costumes and superb scenery; and there is Mr. Louis A. Hirsch, who can turn out any amount of bright and gay music. With all these resources at command, it is not surprising that the Hippodrome management has scored so heavily. Miss Levey, in a burlesque of "Diplomacy," achieves a triumph; Miss Kellogg, in "What am I Going to Do to Make Me Love You," with Mr. Morris Harvey, makes a most decided hit; and Mr. Harry Tate evokes screams of laughter in his burlesque of George Robey. Altogether the Hippodrome is to be congratulated on having won a complete success.

ROVER.



MOTURING PROSPECTS OF THE NEW YEAR: COMING EVENTS: THE MANCUNIAN AND SCOTTISH SHOWS.

The Promise of 1914.

Will 1914 be a better year for motoring than 1913? So far as unknown factors are concerned, one might as well attempt to predict the weather; but certain definite indications of fact and probability incline me to the belief that it will be a "lively" year, and that motoring will enjoy a veritable boom; while aviation is on the upward grade all the time, and only a fool would attempt to place a limit upon its developments. No one can

aver that this or that feat will be accomplished; but, on the other hand, no one can reasonably say that it will not, for scepticism has been bowled over times without number by some new *tour de force* just when people were saying that nothing further could be done in the way of marvels. The only rational attitude for the public to adopt towards flight is neither one of *nil admirari* nor supersublimated enthusiasm, but one of close and eager attention to each new achievement as it comes.



FOUR YEARS AGO A FARM LABOURER; NOW MAKING £20,000 A YEAR: CHANTELOUP, THE AIRMAN WHO LOOPED THE LOOP ON AN AEROPLANE EVEN BEFORE PÉGOUD, THE FIRST MAN TO FLY UPSIDE-DOWN.

Chanteloup, who has been making his first appearances at Hendon, flying upside-down and looping the loop, was a farm labourer four years ago, and now earns about £20,000 a year. Not only was he the first man to loop the loop on a biplane in this country, but he was actually the first man to loop the loop on an aeroplane, a feat he performed at a military aerodrome in France, two weeks before Pégoud, the first upside-down airman. For this the military authorities sentenced him to fourteen days' imprisonment for what was then regarded as dangerous flying! This more especially as he had carried out his experiments against orders forbidding him to do so.

will furnish the usual exciting struggle for supremacy between British and French cars, and be it noted that it is our turn to win. For touring-cars there is the Austrian Alpine Contest, the most strenuous and searching in the calendar; and, after the success of the Rolls-Royce team last year, it will be a thousand pities if a strong English element is not to the fore in this year's event. At home, there is the revival of the Tourist Trophy Race to look forward to in the Isle of Man, and a good contest in this case is assured. A movement has also been set afoot for a light-car competition, than which nothing could be more popular.

Hopeful Signs.

Save in one respect, the lot of the private owner will be better than in any previous year. Our highways are being improved, even if slowly, and the mileage of tarred surfaces will undoubtedly be increased. Some amount of progress will have been made, moreover, in the mammoth task of removing particularly dangerous corners and other forms of death-trap, though these, alas! are so numerous in Great Britain that heaven only knows how many years must elapse before the Road Board has evolved order out of chaos. In other ways the comfort of the car-owner will be enhanced, for self-starters and electric-lighting outfits will be more widely in use, while cars generally will be of greater efficiency than ever. Then, again, there will be a big array of people enjoying the delights of motoring for the first time, owing to the immense increase in the production of light and cheap cars, and this means that the enthusiasm for road travel will be greater than ever. Let us hope that the detestable police-trapping system will suffer a decline in inverse ratio, for it has been carried

on in an absolutely senseless manner throughout, and has served no useful purpose, while, on the other hand, it has damaged the prestige of the police to an almost ineffaceable degree. The one definite drawback to the pleasures of this year's motoring is, of course, the price of petrol. Not only does it show no sign of abatement, but there is even said to be a strong probability of further increase—a state of things which is deplorable from the individual and the national points of view alike.

Northern Olympias.

Mancunians will enjoy, on Friday and onwards, all the fun of Manchester's annual motor fair. It is true that, thanks to the wicked militants who burned down the exhibition building at Rusholme, the show will be somewhat less advantageously housed than was originally intended. All the same, there will be a goodly array of the new season's cars, and plenty to interest the huge army of motorists to be found in Manchester and the North of England generally. Barely will the show be over, however, before Edinburgh will have its turn, and on the 24th the time-honoured Scottish Motor Show will be opened in the Waverley Market. A good display is a certainty in advance, for motoring looms large on the horizon of Scotland, which has not only a thriving motoring industry of its own, but also turns out some very respectable carriage-work; hence this annual fixture is always one of no small importance. The venue is, of course, decided by stern necessity, for though Westerners say that "Edinburgh is the capital—Glasgow has the capital," the resources of the wealthier city do not include an exhibition building of adequate size, and the honours of the Show are still vested with "Auld Reekie." If Glasgow would apply its wealth to the building of a fine exhibition hall, it would at least secure the Show in alternate years, and might conceivably appropriate it entirely to itself. At present, however, the rivalry between the two cities can only be propitiated by holding the annual dinner of the Scottish Automobile Club in Edinburgh one year, and in Glasgow the next.



ON A ROAD OF LOGS OF WOOD AND BUSH, OVER MARSHY GROUND: A COLONIAL NAPIER IN RHODESIA.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph says: "It appears that logs of wood are laid in the first place across boggy, marshy, and sandy places. These are then covered with a layer of 'bush,' and further logs and 'bush' added as required. Even when worn down it can be imagined what the roads are like."





**L**ORD PLYMOUTH, who saves the situation by substantially reducing the price of the Crystal Palace, has never been a Little Londoner. Long before his term as First Commissioner of Works, he was actively interested in parks, open spaces, and the whole question of the great public's footing in the town. While his own personal round has often been limited by the few hundred yards that separate Mount Street from the half-dozen clubs to which he belongs, he is able to take a much broader view of London affairs than the average householder, and a much larger view than his own tastes in art and architecture might seem to warrant. One of his absorbing passions is the landscape of John Constable; and while he was compiling catalogues, and Lady Plymouth was busy making

rare and strange designs for furniture, Sydenham and all its works would inevitably have been forgotten had not Lord Plymouth's public spirit mastered his æsthetic prepossessions.



WITH THE COTTESMORE: MRS. CHARLES DIXON.

Mr. Charles Harvey Dixon has been M.P. (U.) for Boston since 1910. He married the daughter of the late Mr. J. P. Robinson, of Esher.

Photograph by Barrett.

*Doing the "Honours."*

As usual, the newspapers were allowed to do most of the honours of the Honours List. While the P.M. was enjoying private theatricals at Alderley Park on the eventful day, Mrs. Asquith chose to be in Switzerland rather than in Downing Street. Downing Street, indeed, presented a more than usually blank and innocent expression last Thursday, and this was accentuated when Mr. Lloyd George made his way along its pavements in the early morning, an open *Daily News* in his hand, and on his face a look of bland approval and surprise.

*Sir O. S.*

Lord Northcliffe goes abroad because he has been told that the alternation of dim daylight and glaring electricity that obtains in Fleet Street is the cause of most of his present eye-trouble. But he did not leave town until he could read, in his own sheet, the news of his brother's elevation to the Peerage. Fleet Street, he felt, was the only place from which to date congratulations to the second journalist Peer in the family. Sir Owen Seaman, too, is of that region. His triumph is that he has made a thousand jokes, and wishes he had made one more. He feels, as a loyal editor, that it would have been appropriate had he himself made the famous retort: "It never was!" to the recurring complaint, "*Punch* is not what it used to be."



ENGAGED TO MR. ALEXANDER ERSKINE LAWRENCE: MISS VIOLET CATHARINE BEAUMONT-NESBITT.

Miss Beaumont-Nesbitt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont-Nesbitt, of Edenderry, King's Co. Mr. Lawrence, of the 60th Rifles, is the elder son of Colonel R. C. B. Lawrence, C.B., of 37, Hyde Park Gate.

Photograph by Macnaghten.

*Houses to Build.* Society has grown accustomed to Mr. Sargent's refusal to paint portraits. The Duchesses got on to their knees for a year or two before they learned that nothing could shake his resolution. And now it is Mr. Lutyens's turn to be disappointing. A dozen houses are commissioned, but while Delhi is on hand they are ignored. And the distress of the homeless is aggravated by the publication of a volume devoted to houses built by Mr. Lutyens—the houses of those more fortunate than themselves.

*Abroad.* There seemed something either mysteriously royal or ingenuously schoolboyish in the labels "Henry" and "George" attached to brotherly baggage lately crossing the Channel. But any curiosity was soon dispelled by the presence among the passengers of Sir Charles Henry and Mr. Lloyd George. Then, of course, the conjunction of "Henry George" must become quite politically suggestive. A notorious tour in the South of France gives men notorious at home a welcome escape from bothersome recognitions by the way, but in one respect, said a wit of the Carlton Club, gives the Chancellor no change. "If he crosses to Algiers, he'll be quite at home. For whenever he gets on a platform, he is at all jeers."



LADY ELIZABETH NORTHCOTE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. RANDOLPH BRUCE, OF WINDERMERE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY, JAN. 6.

Lady Elizabeth is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Iddesleigh, and was born in 1876.

Photograph by Sarony.

paraphernalia of her old career in miniature. The green-room is of the best, there is accommodation for an audience of one-hundred-and-fifty, and there is even a very good apology for a stage-door—with admirers, from the village.

*Lord Roden in Disguise.*

Lady Roden, an amateur actress and writer of plays, has been stage-managing the theatricals at Tullymore. Her daughter, Lady Marcia Jocelyn, with Lord Tollemache and a few other friends, did the acting. Lord Roden himself has indulged a taste for characterisation of the easiest sort—the personation of himself. It happened that he came into the title the day before a Parliamentary election in which he was much interested. Unable to resist the polling-booth, he recorded his vote as if he were still Colonel Jocelyn, a commoner and voter. This mistake he repeated later in the year, to the consternation of the Nationalists and all zealous observers of the Constitution. But though a Prime Minister and all high officers of the Crown had his case under consideration, he seems to have escaped even a gentle reprimand.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN PERCY ROBERT LAURIE: MISS ETHEL LAWSON-JOHNSTON.

Miss Lawson-Johnston is the daughter of the late Mr. John Lawson-Johnston and of Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, of Addington Manor, Winslow, Bucks. Captain Laurie, of the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Laurie, of Sevenoaks, and Devonshire Place, Eastbourne.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



WITH THE BLANKNEY: LORD BURGHESH (ON THE GREY) AND THE HON. HUGO DENISON.

Lord Burghersh is the Earl of Westmorland's heir; Mr. Denison is the younger son of the Earl of Londesborough.—[Photograph by Barrett.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**"Or What You Will."**

On Twelfth Night we are privileged to put away the childish things appertaining to our mid-winter Saturnalia, and set about contemplating the brand-new year which has been given us, and which may be full of strange and mysterious adventure. Some of the folks now facing 1914 may be married or divorced, others may achieve fame or fall into disgrace, many may be in outlandish places, others tied down to dull domesticity, while one or two may have stolen away into the great Unknown. The great question which confronts us is how far we can ourselves, of our own will, make the year before us one worth remembering, twelve months of real achievement, of strengthening of friendships, of travel and gaiety, of new experiences, and a broader sympathy. Certain wise men will tell you there is no such thing as Free Will, but it is certain that Character is more important in fashioning events than what we call "luck" or "chance." Hence the year which is opening may be transformed, to a great extent, into "what you will," barring the thunder of Jove and the wrath of some offended and unappeased deity.

**The Tarnished Tango.**

There seems no doubt that the Tango has fallen into disrepute in the most exalted circles of all, and that Kaisers, Queens, and Princes have not been entangled in its charms. The dance being banished from Court circles and official balls, the Ambassadors have had to put a veto upon it, and from thence it is but a step—a "Corte" or a "Scissors," let us say—to this much-praised dance being vetoed in modish drawing-rooms. Thus it will become the chief terpsichorean exercise of Suburbia, where, I am certain, it will continue to enjoy a long vogue. This seems, at the first blush, a lamentable end to a big "boom," for the money, time, and patience which have been given to accomplishing its difficult steps, twists, and turns are incalculable. Its advent into England is but recent; it really only crossed the Channel but a month or two ago, whereas in Paris it has had already a year's furore. Over there, it is true, certain gay young denizens of the Faubourg St. Germain are still so enamoured of the Argentine dance as to go to the "Magic City" of an evening to perform with all and sundry in the public ball-room. There is a story going about of a certain beautiful Vicomtesse who danced the Tango all one night at this well-known place, and was somewhat disconcerted, when lunching the next day at a restaurant, to find that her partner was whisking a white napkin and handing her the hors d'oeuvres. Yet dances, once they seize the imagination, have a long life. The waltz has been in high fashion since 1815—it came from Vienna, in the trail of the Allies, directly after Waterloo—and has only just abdicated, after a reign

of a hundred years, in favour of the Boston. Possibly, in the year 2000, frolicsome folk will still be dancing the Tango.

**An Avalanche of Letters.**

It may be an excellent thing for the Post Office that such an avalanche of letters and parcels descends upon us at this season of the year, but if the pleasing custom of bestowing gifts and sending cards with amiable sentiments printed thereon grows even more popular, it will be difficult to face Christmas without real consternation. It is hardly too much to say that many excellent persons have acquired writer's cramp during the last week or ten days, while the tying-up of parcels, first in tissue

paper and holly-bedecked ribbon, finally in boxes which will withstand the hard treatment of our Postal Parcel system, has been a real *corvée*. Added to this the making of festal garlands, the trimming and lighting of Christmas-trees, the acquiring of pen-knives for the gardener's wife, and of suitable toys for the chauffeur's daughter, and it will be seen that the lot of the mistress of a country house is not without its fatiguing responsibilities. I have beheld one amiable châtelaine literally tied to her desk for four or five sunny, hilarious mornings merely writing letters and acknowledging presents. So prevalent is the fashion of gifts that soon popular people will have to advertise their thanks in the *Morning Post*.

**With Ski and Sleigh.**

Every train going to Switzerland is now brimming over with happy young people bearing their favourite implements of winter sport; some with ski, others with skates, but all radiant already with the coming exhilaration of the Alps. Wagons-lits are not to be had unless you have wisely secured them last October. And this winter it looks as if the snow and sun essential to pleasure up on those exalted heights will long continue to make the holiday-makers happy. A sojourn in high latitudes is so amazingly exhilarating

an experience that, in spite of accidents, thaws, slush, and cracked ice, everyone who has once been up above the clouds in mid-winter has a strange nostalgia to repeat his experience. Once at Calais, if you are bound for Berne or Interlaken, you step into a restaurant-car, and begin the gayest meal imaginable. For youth and beauty, fresh faces and high spirits, beam from every little table in the jolting train. It is the younger generation off on its winter holiday, and nothing in the summer-time can equal the hilarity of this hibernal exodus. Very few elderly people go up to the Alps in winter-time, for incessant exercise is essential, and beyond a few curling colonels and necessary chaperons, it is a trainful of Sweet-and-Twenties which speeds you along towards the mountains.



EVENING CLOAKS: THE SHAWL EFFECT, AND OTHERS.

The left-hand figure shows a mantle of white velvet with bands of blue and silver embroidery and silver fringe. The collar is made of pleated blue tulle. The centre cloak, in red gold silk voile, is made with gaugings over the shoulders, and has a deep hem of sable and bands of sable on the sleeves. On the right is a cloak of yellow crêpe-de-chine broché. It has a band of old-gold velvet edged with sable, mounted on a flounce of gold lace descending from the throat in a shawl effect.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14.*

## RAND MINES.

**I**N addition to the general market conditions, the South African Gold Mines have had serious troubles of their own to combat during 1913. The strike of the white miners in July brought great difficulties in its train, especially the complete disorganisation of the native labour, which resulted in the reduction of the available force of "boys" at the end of November to 147,500, and so it is hardly surprising that the total gold output from South Africa during the year was considerably smaller than during 1912.

Thus there was nothing to encourage the public to take any interest in this market, and dealings throughout the year were of the most meagre description. Prices in most instances are lower than twelve months ago, the heaviest falls having taken place in the case of Gold Fields and Brakpan.

The decline in the quotation for the shares of the latter Company is especially disappointing, as progress had been so good, and we had on several occasions recommended the shares as a hopeful speculation. In our other recommendations, however, we have been more fortunate, Van Ryn Deep, Modder "B" and Wit Deep all standing higher at present than they did twelve months ago. We still look upon the first two and Van Ryn as the best purchases in this section.

A little more interest has been displayed of late upon unofficial reports of successful trials with a new machine-drill. If these are to be believed, it should be possible to effect appreciable reductions in working costs by the adoption of these new tools. We do not at present propose to commit ourselves to a definite opinion on the question, but we have for a long time considered that the greatest chance of an improvement in the gold-mining industry lay in mechanical developments.

## PREMIER OIL AND PIPE.

The long-delayed Report of this Company has at last made its appearance, and it reveals a very curious position of affairs for a concern which has only recently ceased paying 10 per cent. on its Ordinary shares. It is not one of those occasions where we take any pleasure in saying, "We told you so," and we fully realise how easy it is to criticise a company when it is in obvious difficulties; but the Auditors' remarks—!

We have not the space to set them out at length, but the following will give some idea of their views. They say: "Except in the case of two of the refinery companies, no provision has been made for depreciation of leases, plant, and equipment. . . . Nothing has been written off the balance of £56,078 of drilling expenditure brought forward from the previous year. The Company has agreed to make up two of the Austrian Companies' losses, which amounted at the date of the balance-sheet to £81,983. Provision has not been made out of profits for this sum, which is carried forward in suspense. Further losses amounting to £11,093 are carried forward."

It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the Report and Balance-sheet, as submitted to the shareholders, is rather worse than useless, because it is misleading. And we notice preliminary expenses still figure as an asset.

If anything is certain, it is that a reconstruction of some sort is quite inevitable if the Company is ever to get into a reasonably sound position. The Ordinary shareholders will have to have their holdings drastically written down, and our advice to them is to get it done as soon as ever they can. Depreciation and Reserves are more essential to an oil company than, perhaps, any other concern, and if the present neglect is allowed to go on much longer, the trouble may become incurable.

## THE NITRATE INDUSTRY.

Messrs. Montgomery and Co. have been exceedingly prompt in issuing their usual Annual Review of the Nitrate Market, and as last year was rather an eventful one, their remarks are particularly interesting.

The feature was undoubtedly the decline in the European consumption during the first six months of the year, and although some improvement was seen later on, the total European consumption declined by 84,000 tons when compared with the 1912 figures. "Other Countries" also failed to absorb the previous year's total by 4000 tons. America, however, came to the rescue with an increased importation of 123,000 tons, and so, on balance, the world's consumption was 12,000 tons higher at 2,520,000 tons.

The high prices realised in 1912 stimulated production to a large extent, and, in spite of the agreement among the largest producers to curtail their outputs during the last six months, the total production for 1913 amounted to 60,100,000 quintals—an increase of 3,900,000 quintals, or 176,500 tons.

Turning to the prospects for the coming year, Messrs. Montgomery take quite a hopeful view. The production in Chile can be considered to have reached somewhere about its maximum at

present prices; and now that European conditions are again normal, it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the consumption will at least revert to the total achieved in 1912—in that year, it will be remembered, there was an increase of no less than 147,000 tons in the first six months.

If such figures should materialise and the American demand continue to come up to expectations, there would be no need to resort to further restriction of outputs.

Although the European figures are somewhat disconcerting, an examination of the causes is reassuring. Neither the Balkan troubles nor excessively high prices exist at present, while freights are much lower, and we think, therefore, that the statistical position of the raw article is likely to show an important improvement before long.

## JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

It seems quite clear that the Canadian Northern Railway will require more money before very long, and much interest has been aroused as to how the money will be raised. In some quarters it is suggested that a certain powerful neighbour may make an effort to take the control out of the hands of the two clever gentlemen who are now in command. Whether there is anything in the tale we do not know, but a change in the methods of finance would be a great advantage.

During the last year the Imperial Bank of Germany steadily increased its gold reserve, and to such good effect that the total stock of gold was raised from £38,800,000 to over £60,000,000. Such an increase can only have been achieved with much difficulty, and the question naturally arises as to the real reason. There seems little doubt that the matter is intimately connected with the increase of armaments.

The North Metropolitan Electric Power Supply Company is promoting a Bill in Parliament next Session, by the provisions of which any of the Company's workmen are made liable to fine or imprisonment if they break their contract of service under such circumstances that the public are deprived of electricity. The idea is excellent, but even if the present Government allowed it to be passed, we are very much afraid that it would become a dead letter. Who said Larkin?

The Hudson Bay Company's land sales for the last quarter of 1913 do not make a very good showing, but nothing very great was expected by those who have followed the trend of affairs in the Dominion. We see no reason for shareholders to be despondent, however, and consider the shares to be worth considerably more than their present quotation of 9½.

The Revenue returns for the third quarter of the Financial Year are not very good and, when considered in conjunction with the Premier's recent speech at Oldham, cannot help but make the poor income-tax payer nervous. We have noticed that several foreign Bearer Bonds have been very firm of late. We cannot believe that they are being bought because the coupons are payable abroad! It is the last straw, etc.

Saturday, Jan. 3, 1914.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUEENSLAND.—We think you could do much better than any of the securities you mention. We suggest the following: Leopoldina Terminal Debentures, at 100; San Paulo Treasury Bonds, at 99; Great Western Railway Ordinary, at 115½; Forestal First Debentures, at 100.

BRISTOL (6) and (7) are fair, but we ourselves should always prefer something with a wider market.

M. M.—A few further particulars would have helped us in answering your question. The shares are a promising speculation to lock up and put away for a few years, but we certainly should not advise them as an investment for a man of only moderate means.

DAISY.—Your friend's advice is very sound, and all the shares you mention are both good and cheap.

THANKS. (1) £100 stock; (2) about the end of March; (3) is too hard for us; (4) we should feel inclined to buy on a small reaction.

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Walk Up, Ladies, Make Your Bargains.

Whatever cash Christmas presents have been received are being invested well and pleasurably in the New Year. Marshall and Snelgrove's is a busy place, I can tell you. Their wonderful sale began on Monday, and will continue until Jan. 24. The crowded state of that famous house is testimony to the fine reputation for remarkable value that these sales enjoy. So unimpeachable are the things sold by Marshall and Snelgrove that money invested in them at sale-times is the most advantageous kind of investment. The "Blue Book of Bargains" issued by the firm is an admirable guide to such transactions, and can be acquired by writing for it to Vere Street and Oxford Street. It may also be said that purchases made by post are entirely reliable and satisfactory to the purchasers of this department. Marshall and Snelgrove are very reasonably proud, and pay carriage in the United Kingdom on all purchases. To mention one or two out of many excellent investments, there are a seal-dyed coney coat made from whole skins, strengthened and backed, and lined with satin, for £9 10s.; a coat and skirt in brocaded velours, the coat lined with silk, and finished with satin waistband and ends and satin collar, for 5½ guineas, in several of the most up-to-date tones; an evening coat, graceful and elegant, in chiffon velvet in many shades, lined throughout with silk, for 95s.; net tunics, one in crystal-bead work on black, the design exceptionally handsome, for 53s. 6d. (it was 75s.); and the same thing all in black, the bead-work jet, for 47s. 6d.;



TO BE MARRIED TO - MORROW  
(JAN. 8): MISS STELLA GORDON  
AND MR. LOVELL C. HASLAM.

Miss Gordon is the elder daughter of Captain H. Gordon, of The Querns, Cirencester. Mr. L. C. Haslam, of the 18th Hussars, is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Haslam, of Ravenswood, Bolton.

Photographs by Lafayeite.

sports coats, scarves, and caps in great variety at very tempting prices. In all the departments of this great and most reliable house there are real bargains to be obtained—



the only sort of real ones, because the things are the best of the kind.

### First and Best.

Never before have the noted firm of Gill and Reigate, 73-85, Oxford Street, given the public an opportunity to buy from their stock of genuine antique furniture (admittedly one of the largest and best selected in the world) at clearance-sale prices. This rare opportunity will last until Jan. 24, and came into operation on Monday. Genuine old oak coffers are at special clearance prices, beginning at £1 18s. 6d. An oak Jacobean dresser with moulded panel drawers for £16 is a bargain of the most satisfactory kind, for it remains a joy in the house; a Chippendale card-table, with wells for counters, is reduced to £16. A lovely red lacquered hanging china-cabinet with glass shelves is only £11. Another delight to anyone who likes to have genuine antiques about them is a lovely oyster-shell-inlay walnut chest on twisted-leg stand for £27. A William and Mary walnut bureau on a stand for £19 15s. is a delightful thing, and extraordinarily reasonable in price. Lacquer, which is now most fashionable, is well represented at this sale; a black lacquered hanging corner cupboard for £6 5s. is something to talk about; while a red lacquer grandfather clock, with brass dial and silvered hour circle, the works by William Clay, is to be had for twenty guineas. A card to Gill and Reigate will obtain a sale catalogue containing many more of these very satisfactory bargains.

### For Sports in All Weather.

There is a wonderful sale at Burberrys, which will go on through this and next month. Owing to the move of this celebrated firm into its new and magnificent premises in the Haymarket, a larger number than usual of 1913 models, surplus weaves, and waterproof cloths are to be disposed of at half and less than half price, to make room for the enormous new stock for this year. The opportunity will be

eagerly seized, for everyone knows how excellent are Burberrys' things, how good their style, how eminently suitable are their clothes for sport, for country, or for town wear. The models are very practical, having been evolved from the ideas of experts; businesslike and practical, they are also smart and stylish; and the materials of which they are made are not only exclusive and most attractive to the eye, but are proofed by special processes which render them light in weight, warm, and ventilating quite naturally. A postcard to the firm, Haymarket, W., will secure a sale catalogue which will well repay study.



MISS ISABEL JANE BEATRICE  
HASELFOT, WHOSE MARRI-  
AGE TO MR. RALPH CHARLES  
FAIRBAIRN COTTON WAS  
FIXED FOR JAN. 3.

The bride is the younger daughter of the late Mr. T. K. H. Haselfoot, of the Inner Temple, and Mrs. Haselfoot, of 20, Wat'ou Street. Mr. Cotton's home is at Drydone, Bitterne, Hants. The wedding was arranged to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Photograph by Thomson.

**Much Looked For.** A sale at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, is always eagerly anticipated by those women who like to acquire very smart and up-to-date things at most moderate outlay, while there are many real bargains. This year the sale now in progress is of a character exceeding even the previous efforts of the celebrated firm to give the public pleasure and profit. I should advise writing for a sale catalogue, which gives many most desirable coats, costumes and skirts, and multitudinous other things, at really small cost. Very smart and extraordinarily cheap is an opera-wrap in the new moiré velvet, in a variety of light and dark evening shades, lined throughout with soft silk, and having the advantage of being made in the firm's own work-rooms, for 98s. 6d.; the usual price of this is six and a half guineas. It is called "The Ritz," and is quite correct for evening visits, even to that very exclusive establishment. Fur-lined coats are covetable possessions. One in good box-cloth, lined with grey-and-white squirrel, and finished with a large roll-collar of seal-coney, is only 90s. A smart evening-gown, very graceful and elegant, is made in Ninon with point appliqué of metal embroidery; the skirt in charmeuse brocade, very charmingly finished with velvet and French buckle, which looks a ten-guinea frock, is sold for 98s. 6d. In furs, there are some fine bargains, such as a seal-coney coat, lined with good silk, smart in shape and cut, for £4 18s. 6d. The sale is proving a great attraction.

**The Great One Week.** Every road—iron and macadam and wood—will lead to Harrods' next week, when the sale of the season, the great One Week, will begin on Monday, and end on Saturday. It is known to be a genuine clearance of the splendid stock of this celebrated and most reliable store. It is not in one, two, or six departments, but in each one of the vast emporium, room for new things is made by offering to the public the opportunity for acquiring numerous realities in bargains—good things, and things wanted, at substantially reduced prices. A theatre-wrap, in moiré chiffon, velvet-lined with rich silk satin, with a collar of black fur, for 79s. 6d., is a bargain; fur-lined and fur-trimmed coats are a special feature of the sale, and can be purchased from 3 guineas to 18½ guineas; while travelling-wraps trimmed with fur can be had from 39s. 6d. to 9½ guineas. All the beautiful sports-coats of the firm, which have been much talked of, are also to be sold at quite remarkable reductions. In furs, now much to be desired, the bargains to be made are really unprecedented. As in everything necessary for personal wear, so in all requisites for the home: it is bargains, bargains all the way. The excursion trains to be run from the country, the 'buses and Underground, and all the ways to Harrods', will be very hard-worked next week.



TO MARRY THE HON. DONALD  
FORBES: MISS MONONA MERCED L3  
HANLY.

Miss Hanly is the daughter of Mr. Edward A. Hanly, of 57, Eaton Place. The Hon. Donald Forbes, brother and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Granard, is Military Secretary and A.D.C. to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is a Captain in the Royal Artillery, and served in South Africa. The wedding will be early in April.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

(Continued.)

**"The Attack."** Sir George Alexander has returned to the St. James's with a translation of a play by M. Bernstein, which gives him an excellent opportunity for the exercise of his powers as the middle-aged gentleman in the grip of a romantic emotion, and two scenes in which he plays with a fierce and dramatic intensity. But otherwise "The Attack" is of very little worth. It is mainly a simple story of a politician who had an almost pardonable incident in his distant past brought up against him, and won by discovering a much more serious incident in the past of his persecutor; and it is of the kind which many a melodramatist could write who wished to offer no reflections upon politics at all. Various little blind alleys there are which promise to lead to something interesting and new, the most hopeful being a daring proposal of marriage made by a young lady of twenty-five to the politician of fifty-three. But these lead to nothing, and there is nothing left but a fairly effective and entirely unoriginal story told in over-flowery language. Mr. Holman Clark is quietly humorous as the defeated rival; and Miss Martha Hedman, the new leading lady, does very prettily and sympathetically the little that she has to do.

**"The Story of the Rosary."** We were not aware that "The Rosary" was anything more than a song with an ultra-sentimental refrain, but Mr. Walter Howard has discovered (or perhaps it was known before) that it refers to a gallant soldier who married a beautiful maid, left her for the war, and returned after a long captivity just in time to prevent her from becoming a nun. Adding a wicked cousin who sought the maid for himself, Mr. Howard has made of it the best and most rational and spirited melodrama that we have had for a long time, in which he keeps the sentiment well in hand, and makes, for a melodramatist, comparatively few demands upon our credulity. He himself plays admirably a good-hearted officer who was once cashiered for drunkenness, and now wins his way back to a commission; and Mr. Alfred Paumier as the hero; Mr. Graeme Campbell as the villain, and Miss Annie Saker as the heroine are all bright examples of the way such parts ought to be played.

**"The Poor Little Rich Girl."** This dream-play by Miss Eleanor Gates at the New Theatre has been received by many as nothing more than an ultra-sentimental Christmas entertainment for children; and in favour of this view

there is undoubtedly a certain amount of simple fooling with pantomime ducks and masks and a teddy bear, and an unsophisticated story of a little girl cooped up in the splendour of a London mansion and longing for the fresh air and the mud of the country. But the little girl is nearly poisoned by a careless and unscrupulous nurse, and out of her delirium Miss Gates has made a strange and fascinating combination of reality and dream which lacks, no doubt, the poetry of "Hannele," but probably brings us nearer to the fancies of a normal child. There is a subtle meaning in it all, even where it is most extravagant, and a sense of humour which saves it from the charge of mawkishness; and it is much helped by some admirable acting. Miss Stephanie Bell is charmingly unaffected as the little girl; there is a great strength and quiet sympathy in Mr. Malcolm Cherry's study of the doctor; and other parts are cleverly played by Miss Helen Haye, Mr. Ernest Hendrie, and Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn.

**"The Girl Who Didn't."** This is our old friend "The Laughing Husband" transferred to the Lyric Theatre, and changed from a light opera with many dull passages into a musical comedy which seems sure to be a success. The alterations are the introduction of a Tango song and dance and other new numbers, together with several well-known people who are distinctly an improvement. Miss Yvonne Arnaud, for instance, is a delightful little person whose brightness and sense of humour are invaluable in things of this kind; and Miss Grace La Rue's powerful voice and dramatic manner won her a real triumph. Mr. Lionel Mackinder helps very materially, and Mr. C. H. Workman is an able and entertaining comedian, though he has not the voice nor the touch of real pathos of Mr. Courtice Pounds, his predecessor in the part of the husband. Mr. James Blakeley, of course, remains: it was his irresistibly comic last act which made it necessary that the play should somehow be saved, and he is as wonderful as ever.

**"In and Out."** It is now some time since Mr. Edmund Gwenn produced at a matinée this version of a French success, "Papillon, dit Lyonnais le Juste," but it seems probable that the play will be heard of again, and, even if this were not so, it would be worth mentioning if only for Mr. Gwenn's well-drawn picture of a working-man become the master of a country mansion, and Miss Lottie Venne's excellently humorous exhibition of the weaknesses of snobbery. The play itself lacked subtlety: the effect of the sudden acquisition of great wealth was illustrated rather crudely, and what might have been true comedy became obvious farce; but

(Continued overleaf.)

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## HOW A "BEARDED LADY" KILLED ALL HER SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

BY DISSOLVING OUT ROOTS AND ALL

For the benefit of "Sketch" readers, lady explains how she accidentally discovered a new absorption process which permanently removed her hairy mask after electricity, tweezers, caustic pastes, lotions, powders, and all other depilatories and advertised remedies had absolutely failed to do anything but harm.

By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair.

With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly and painlessly of all superfluous hair growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a

solution easily obtained and prepared by anyone, which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is, perhaps, needless to caution any who may use this process which has so deadly an effect upon the hair,

that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means of restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested and who wish to be rid of

their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 1271 B), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to positively expire at the end of ten days.

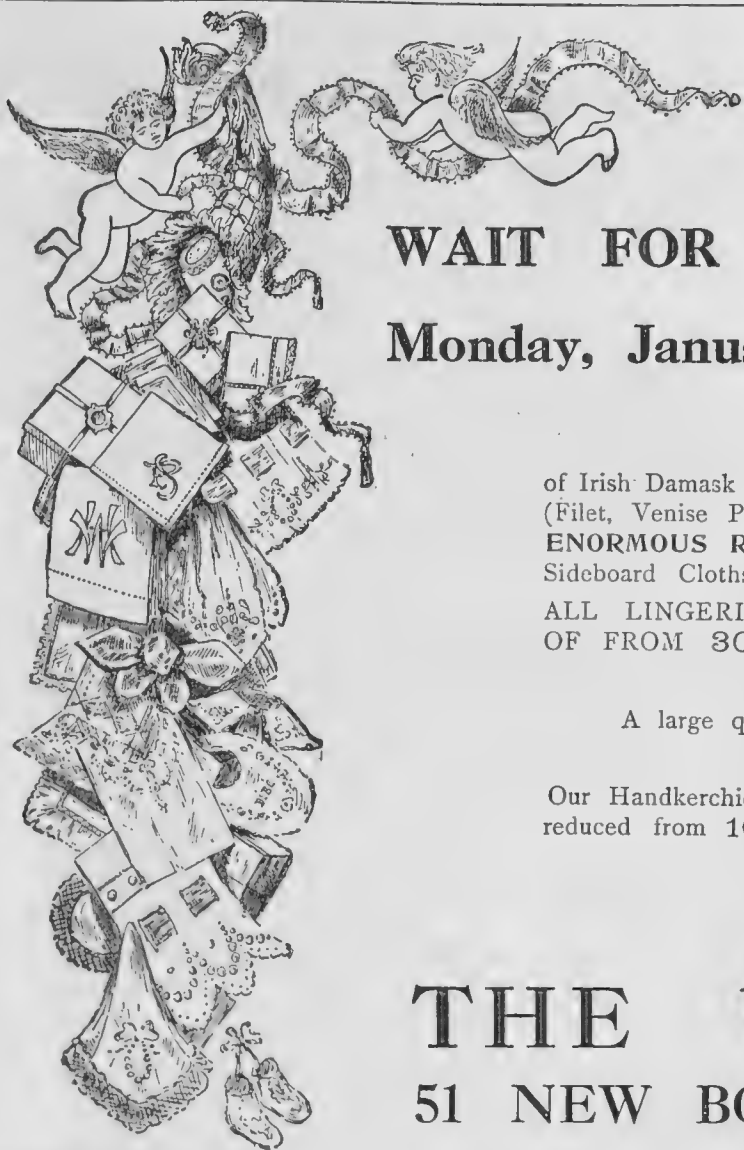


After bearing for ten years the affliction of a humiliating and repulsive hairy mask, with beard and moustache like a man's, Miss Firmin permanently removed it all in a single night by means of the marvellous new absorption process explained in this article.

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## THE WHITE HOUSE

51 NEW BOND STREET, W

### WAIT FOR OUR STOCKTAKING SALE

commencing

Monday, January 12th, to end of the Month

#### SURPLUS STOCK

of Irish Damask Table Cloths in plain designs or with insertions of laces (Filet, Venise Point, &c.), in square, oblong, round or ovals, at an **ENORMOUS REDUCTION**. Also Lace and Embroidered Tea Cloths Sideboard Cloths, Cushion Covers at exceptionally **LOW PRICES**. ALL LINGERIE AND BLOUSE MODELS AT A REDUCTION OF FROM 30 PER CENT. TO 50 PER CENT.

A large quantity of Fancy Neckwear, mostly at half-price

Our Handkerchiefs, which at all times are unequalled for value, are reduced from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent., oddments half price

NO SALE CATALOGUE ISSUED  
Samples on receipt of London Reference

## THE WHITE HOUSE

51 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W



*"A sure winner. Now I'll try the old favourite"*

#### The Flor de Dindigul Cigar.

**A GOOD TIP** to every smoker who appreciates a really choice smoke is to fill your cigar case with the "Flor de Dindigul," world-famed for its delightful flavour, coolness, and fragrance which causes an experienced smoker to marvel at its low price. Messrs. Bewlay have put the best of their 134 years' experience into its manufacture, with the result that no such value can be obtained elsewhere. You have only to sample one yourself to endorse all the good qualities claimed for it. 3d. each (5 for 1/6), 5d. for 10/3. Flor de Dindigul **EXTRA** (extra choice), 4d. each, 15/- per box of 50. Flor de Dindigul **Grandes**, (a long cigar in silver paper), 6d. each, 11/- per box of 25. As supplied to the House of Lords.

Of all good dealers or post free of the Importer, Bewlay, 49, Strand, London.



**I**F you think the word "Worcestershire" means the *original* Worcestershire sauce, **LEA & PERRINS'**—you are mistaken.

Protect yourself! No matter how much the bottle and label resemble Lea & Perrins' at first glance, do not accept it until you look at the label closely and find the signature in white.



The White Writing  
on the Red Label:

*Lea & Perrins*

indicates the  
ORIGINAL and GENUINE  
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.



"My Secret"



**Add a little Lemco,** that is the secret of good cooks the world over—the secret of their delicious soups and gravies,—the secret of their rich entrées and savouries,—the secret of their dainty aspics and strengthening invalid jellies,—the secret of the freshness and variety of their menus,—the secret of the ease and quickness, and the surprising economy with which they prepare each appetising dish.

Lemco is all concentrated beef guaranteed absolutely pure.



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## The "MORGAN" New Patent Cabrio-Landaulette

FITTED TO THE  
**ADLER**  
CHASSIS



ensures absolute  
comfort under all con-  
ditions and is emphati-  
cally the perfect  
all-weather Car.

**Prompt  
Deliveries.**

However bad the climatic conditions one is completely sheltered. Sudden showers and keen, biting winds are robbed of their terrors by the ease with which the Car can be completely closed, while full advantage can at once be taken of spells of fine weather. The transformation between fully open, half-open or entirely closed is effected almost instantly and without exertion.

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AND  
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The New 9 h.p.  
**MORGAN-ADLER CARETTE**  
"The Perfect Miniature Motor."

With Morgan 2-seat  
body, hood, five lamps,  
screen and horn, at  
200 GUINEAS is ex-  
ceptional value.



Champions for  
long-distance driving :

# DUNLOP TYRES

AND DUNLOP "V"  
GOLF BALLS.

ON ALNMOUTH  
GOLF COURSE.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., Ltd.,  
(Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry),  
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## Brain Fag, Nervous Exhaustion—

MR. F. DRUMMOND NIBLETT, the famous cartoonist, 94, Earl's Court Road, Kensington, writes: "I feel I must express to you the great benefit I have derived from taking 'Phosferine.' I often have to do sketches and cartoons for papers against time, which takes me into the early hours of the morning, and the next day I have naturally felt fagged and run down. I was medically advised to try your Phosferine, and after taking two bottles I have been a new man, and quite fit to continue my work on the following day. I think it only fair to let you know what a friend it has been to me against stress of work, and only regret I did not start taking it earlier."—September 1, 1913.

No other medicine has received such absolute proof of its extraordinary properties in restoring Shattered Constitutions, and in giving back to the prematurely aged New Life and Energy.

## CAUTION

There is only one Phosferine—beware of illegal imitations—do not be misled by **PHOSPH THIS** or **PHOSPH THAT**, but get

# PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST TONIC AND DIGESTIVE.



Supplied by Royal Commands to—  
The Royal Family  
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia  
H.M. the King of Spain

H.M. the Queen of Spain  
H.M. the late King of Greece  
H.M. the Queen of Roumania, &c.



The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

**Re SIR GEORGE LEACH, K.C.B. (deceased).**  
**The late DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.**  
**The late DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.**  
**SIR LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA, O.M., R.A. (deceased),**  
**and others.**  
Also several items from the Collection of the late Duke of Cambridge.

## IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE OF ANTIQUE AND MODERN French and English FURNITURE AND DECORATIVE OBJECTS.

Removed from 6, Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington, Stafford House, St. James', 34, Grove End Road, N.W.

The following is an Abbreviated List, showing a few of the very many items with Prices. A full description, with beautiful Photographic Illustrations, will be found in **FULL DESCRIPTIVE SALE CATALOGUE (S), WHICH IS NOW READY**, and will be sent **FREE ON APPLICATION**. Those contemplating purchasing Furniture should not fail to inspect this Magnificent Collection. Any article will be sold separately, can be selected at once, and remain Stored Free till required, or will be Packed Free and Delivered Town or Country, or Shipped for Abroad.

Payment may be made when delivered.

ENTIRE CONTENTS OF FORTY-FIVE ELEGANT BEDROOMS.		£ s. d.
Including following Lots:—		
2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes, fitted Drawers and Trays at	5 15 0	
3 Fine Old Spanish Mahogany ditto, Sliding Trays, and Four Drawers under	7 15 0	
An Antique Chippendale Design Gent's Wardrobe	12 15 0	
Important.—Very finely Inlaid Old Dutch Marquetry Gent's Wardrobe, 6 feet wide	35 0 0	
4 Large Size Solid Oak Chests of Drawers	2 5 0	
3 Inlaid Sheraton Design Bow-front Chests	4 10 0	
4 Single Oak Bedsteads complete at	0 17 6	
4 Solid Dark Walnut Bedroom Suites at	5 17 6	
4 Double Bedsteads to match, complete	1 19 6	
3 Pretty French Design White-Enamelled Bedroom Suites at	5 15 0	
3 Single White Enamelled Bedsteads to match	1 7 6	
3 Large White Enamelled Bedroom Suites at	8 15 0	
3 Double White Enamelled Bedsteads to match, complete	1 12 6	
1 Very Elegant White Enamelled ditto, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe	18 18 0	
3 Handsome Mahogany Bedroom Suites at	7 15 0	
3 Single Sheraton Design Bedsteads, complete to match	1 17 6	
2 Large Choice Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suites at	10 10 0	
2 Choice Double Sheraton Bedsteads to match	2 15 0	
Elegant Queen Anne Design Bedroom Suite	12 10 0	
Costly Large Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. Wardrobe	22 10 0	
Pair Sheraton Design Twin Bedsteads to match	4 10 0	
Very Choice Unique Real Silver Ash Bedroom Suite, with Silver-plated Fittings	19 19 0	
DINING and RECEPTION ROOMS. LIBRARIES STUDIES, SMOKING and BILLIARD ROOMS.		
Fine set of Georgian Design Oak Chairs with Rush Seats, perfect preservation, 8 in all	7 15 0	
Heavy Black and Copper Club Fender, Upholstered Morocco Seat top	3 3 0	
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Cupboard, 4 ft. wide	8 15 0	
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Settle, 3 ft. 6 in. wide	3 3 0	
Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide	9 9 0	
Elegant Grandfather Clock, chiming on long tubes	18 18 0	
FINE COLLECTION OF OLD DUTCH MARQUETTERIE INLAID FURNITURE, in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaus, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, etc., etc. Would suit Connoisseur.		
The Very Fine Baby Grand Piano-forte. A Magnificent Instrument	25 0 0	
The Costly Bronze and Marble Clock, and 2 Side Pieces, with Rich Ormolu Mounts	7 7 0	
Valuable Set of Table Crystal Glass, about 100 Pieces	4 15 0	
Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf	4 10 0	
Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelled Seat and Shaped Legs, very fine finish	7 15 0	
5 ft. wide Queen Anne Design Sideboard	6 17 6	
3 ft. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk combined, very choice	7 15 0	
The Massive Solid Fumigated Oak Sideboard, fitted Handsome Glass Back	3 15 0	
Overmantel, fitted Bevelled Plate, Solid Oak	1 10 0	
The Very Fine Hepplewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard	10 10 0	
2 Very Fine Carving Chairs, with Seats Upholstered in Embossed Real Leather, and 6 Smaller Chairs to match	12 12 0	
DINING TABLE, extending with extra leaf, Shaped Legs, to match	3 15 0	
The Very Fine Bookcase, fitted large Cupboard at bottom, to match	6 6 0	
4 ft. wide Leather Lined Pedestal Writing Table, fitted Drawers down each side en suite	6 15 0	
The Very Fine Large Chesterfield Settee	5 5 0	
Set of Sheraton Design Dining-Room Furniture, consisting of Choice Design Buffet Sideboard	5 15 0	
Overmantel to match	1 17 6	
2 Fine Carving Chairs and 6 Small, choicely upholstered in Morocco leather	12 15 0	
Choice Sheraton Extending Dining Table	5 5 0	
Very Fine Armour Bright Fender Suite with Implements all complete	2 10 0	
Exceptionally Fine 6 ft. wide Sheraton Design Sideboard	21 0 0	
Choice Overmantel, to match back of Sideboard	8 15 0	
Set of Dining Tables, en suite, extending to about 10 ft. long	12 12 0	
Set of Very Magnificent Dining Chairs, comprising 6 small and 2 majestic Arm Chairs, Sheraton Design Frames, inlaid with Kingwood	28 10 0	
DRAWING-ROOMS.		
Costly Chesterfield Suite, comprising magnificent Chesterfield Settee, 2 Large Easy Chairs and 4 Occasional ditto. Covered rich French Broché Silk	25 0 0	
Upright Grand Piano, Overstrung. A magnificent instrument, nearly new. Listed at 110 Gns.	27 0 0	
6 ft. 6 in. wide Amboyne Cabinet, Inlaid with Ivory and Richly Mounted	18 18 0	
Fine Amboyne Wood Centre Table to match	2 17 6	
Louis XIV. design Ladies' Writing Escriptoire, Leather top	1 15 0	
Louis XIV. design Occasional Table	1 5 0	
A Very Costly Louis XIV. All-Brass Fender Suite	8 10 0	
Carved and Gilt 7-piece Louis XVI. Salon Set, comprising Settee, 2 Easy Chairs and 4 Small Chairs	9 9 0	
Three Carved and Gilt Bergère Chairs, loose down Seats and Footstools	12 10 0	
Pair of Valuable Old Carved and Gilt Torchères	5 5 0	
Carved and Gilt Centre Table, Italian Marble Top	4 15 0	
6 Louis XIV. Gilt Cane Seat Occasional Chairs	0 18 6	
Costly Carved and Gilt Grated Folding Screen, fitted Bevelled Glass and Silk Panels	12 12 0	
3 Very Fine Chesterfield Settees 6 ft. 6 in. long	4 15 0	
2 smaller ditto	2 17 6	
6 Large, Softly Sprung Chesterfield Easy Chairs	2 15 0	
4 ditto smaller	1 17 6	
Fine Complete Collection of Satin Wood Drawing-Room Furniture, very beautifully Painted Medallions, comprising Cabinets, Tables, Escriptoire, etc. Impossible to describe, would suit Connoisseur.		
Boudoir Baby Grand Piano, a magnificent Instrument, as New. Listed Price 125 Gns.	57 15 0	
Costly Set of Fine Old English Cut Table Glass, over 100 pieces	7 10 0	
A Magnificent Vernis Martin Cabinet of a design rarely seen. Dealers should inspect.	25 0 0	
A Costly Serpentine Front Commode, Marble Top	12 0 0	
French Ormolu and real Onyx Clock Set	7 7 0	
Quantity of Very Fine Carpets and Rugs, including Real Persian, Turkey, Malabar, Calcutta, Abussor, Fine Axminster and others. Fine Collection of Old Prints and Paintings. Old Sheffield and Plated Goods, Cutlery, Glass, Bed and Table Linen, Draperies, etc., etc.		

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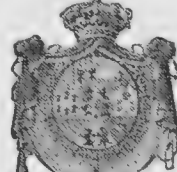
48 to 50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N. (Phone 3472 North.)  
(Few minutes from Highbury Station, North London Railway, and Great Northern and City Tube.)

Business Hours: Open every day, including Thursdays, 9 till 9, excepting Saturdays, when we close at 1.

The whole of these Goods are now on view, and any item can be seen and selected daily till sold.  
Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and By Royal Appointment Grand Prix and Gold Medals.



Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.



to H.M. the King of Spain.



International Exhibition, Rome, 1912.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**—Special attention is drawn to the fact that we have **NO BRANCH DEPOSITORIES WHATSOEVER**, neither is anyone entitled to represent themselves as being connected with us in any way.



## The entertainment of guests

is a problem which exercises the minds of all hosts and hostesses at this season of the year. To provide a diversion of general interest—one that appeals alike to both sexes and all ages—is not easy. There is but one source of entertainment that never fails to do this, and which can never be exhausted—the Pianola Piano.

# The Pianola Piano

makes social gatherings successful

The human element which enters so largely into a performance on the Pianola Piano sustains the interest of the listeners; indeed, if you employed a famous pianist you could not give your guests more pleasure. The temperament of each player is transmitted to the music through the intensely susceptible expression devices of the Pianola Piano.

No other piano-playing instrument can provide playing of such an artistic and personal character, and yet at the same time enable one to exactly carry out the composer's intentions.

The Pianola Piano is a combination of the famous STEINWAY, WEBER, STECK, and STROUD Piano with the genuine Pianola. All models may be purchased upon easy terms, and may be seen at Æolian Hall. If you cannot call, please write for Catalogue "N."



**THE ORCHESTRELLE CO.,**

**ÆOLIAN HALL,**

**135-6-7, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.**



THE BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, LTD.:  
GENERAL MEETING.

THE eleventh Annual General Meeting of the British-American Tobacco Company, Ltd., was held the other day at the Hotel Cecil, under the presidency of Mr. Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, who began his speech by saying that it would be convenient to deal at once with the figures and by inviting attention to the balance-sheet for the year ending on Sept. 30 last. He then proceeded to point out that the first item, "Real estate and buildings at cost, £361,749 4s. 7d.," was £93,473 in excess of last year, owing to the new large factory the Company is building at Liverpool, which will equal the Bristol factory in accommodation; to the extension of the Bristol buildings; and to payments towards the cost of the new head office which is being erected at Millbank, as a result of the rapid increase in the head office staff, which has been multiplied by ten in as many years. "Plant, machinery, furniture, and fittings" has increased by over £88,000, chiefly due to additional plant, etc., installed in the English factories to cope with the necessities of the business, which, so far as this country is concerned, consists in manufacturing and exporting goods, work on which over 5000 hands are employed. "Goodwill, trade-marks, and patents, £879,063," is reduced by a small writing-off of £76. The largest item in the balance-sheet, "Investments in associated Companies, £5,673,559," has increased during the year by £250,000, thanks to additional investments; "and," continued the Chairman, "you will no doubt observe a note on the debit side of the account of 'Contingent liability on shares not fully paid, £125,119.' These shares, as a whole, stand in our books at much less than the actual value." "Loans to and current accounts with associated Companies, £4,230,424," shows an increase of over £2,000,000, and represents advances made by the Company and amounts owing to it for goods supplied, leaf-tobacco, etc., principally leaf-tobacco which the associated Companies have deemed it wise to leave in view of the growing quantities called for by their trade, and look to the British-American Tobacco Company to finance for them. Large purchases of leaf-tobacco by the Company accounts for an extra £584,102 in its own stock of leaf, manufactured goods, and materials. The item of £592,924 for "sundry debtors and debit balance" marks a reduction of £119,531 upon last year. The cash at "Bankers and in transit, £801,102," is less by £954,269 than that of last year, when the subscriptions for the new Ordinary shares had just been received.

Dealing with the debit side, the Chairman recalled that the Company had increased its issue of Preference shares by £1,000,000, making £3,100,000 in all. Of these, he said he thought it would be accurate to say that the Company's Preference shares are regarded

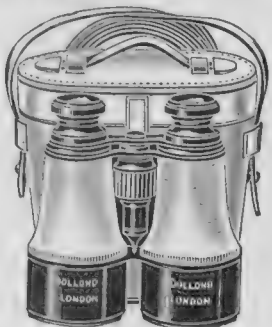
as of the highest class, the dividends being covered thirteen times over by the net profits. The issued Ordinary capital is now £6,254,320. Details of several other items followed, including "Creditors and credit balances, £1,756,526 13s. 8d.," which shows a decided increase, and is largely made up of accounts for supplies, deposits of money with the Company by various organisations, provisions for income tax, and so on, due chiefly, said the Chairman, to the growing needs of the business. Then was noted "The last item of £2,411,704 17s. 5d., which we propose should be dealt with by the declaration of a final dividend, free of income tax, payable on the 7th January next, at 7 per cent., which, with the interim dividends already paid, makes 27½ per cent. for the year, as compared with 26½ per cent. last year." This allowed for the carrying forward of £1,973,902 9s. 5d.—that is, £315,212 in excess of the carry-forward of last year.

Next the Chairman passed to the general state of the Company's business, remarking that he believed the year's working would be looked upon as satisfactory, showing as it did a profit larger than that of last year by £170,000. "Our trade," he went on, "continues to increase in a gratifying manner;" but this, he said, "carries with it the obligation to finance; and, whilst our arrangements are such that we do not think it will be necessary to raise fresh capital for some time to come, yet it may be necessary to do so during the summer before the beginning of the next leaf-buying season." The fresh capital, whenever issued, will in all probability take the form of additional Ordinary shares to be offered *pro rata* to the Ordinary shareholders, but . . . no decision has been come to either as to price, amount, or date of issue."

The motion "That the report and accounts, as audited, be received and passed, and that a final dividend of 7 per cent. (free of income tax) on the issued Ordinary shares be paid on the 7th January, 1914," was carried unanimously. Messrs. George Garland Allen, Lawrence Hignett, Albert Gustavus Jeffress, Percy Ogden, Walter Perchard Stericker, and Robert Henry Walters were unanimously re-elected directors; and Sir William Plender was unanimously re-elected auditor. The following vote of thanks to the Chairman was carried by acclamation: Mr. G. W. Reynolds said, "Before we separate, I should desire that we should pass a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his able conduct in the chair this afternoon, and not only for presiding to-day, but also for the great services he has rendered to the Company from its inception. I do not suppose it will be necessary to ask anyone to second my resolution, as I anticipate that you would desire to carry it by acclamation." Mr. Cunliffe-Owen having spoken a word of acknowledgment, the proceedings then terminated.

# DOLLOND

## Army Model TOURIST'S FIELD GLASS



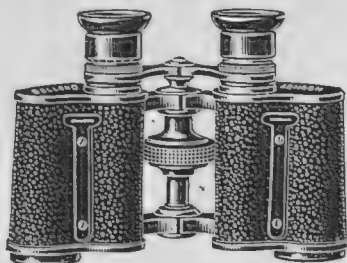
× 5 Magnification = 25 times super.

A best quality Four Guinea Binocular for  
post 42/- free.

Foreign Orders 2/- extra.

Exactly as manufactured for the Army and used by  
Officers all over the world. Made in strict con-  
formity with Government specification.

## Latest Pattern PRISMATIC BINOCULAR



× 8 Magnification = 64 times super.

PRICE IN BEST CASE:

Eyepiece focussing ... £6 0 0

Thumbscrew focussing, as illustration, £7 0 0

Post free. Foreign Orders 2/- extra.

MADE IN THE DOLLOND OPTICAL WORKS, LONDON.  
Established in the Year 1750.

In the undermentioned Towns and Countries the genuine Dollond Glasses can be obtained only from the established concessionaire.

ARGENTINE—Mappin & Webb, Ltd., Buenos Aires. AUSTRIA—Stewart Dawson & Co., Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Perth. BRAZIL—Mappin & Webb, Ltd., Rio de Janeiro, S. Paulo. CEYLON—Cartgills, Ltd., Colombo. EGYPT & SOUDAN—Davies, Bryan & Co., Cairo, Alexandria, Khartoum. INDIA—Spencer & Co., Ltd., Madras Presidency, Hyderabad. JAPAN—W. M. Strachan & Co., Ltd., Yokohama, Kobe. NEW ZEALAND—Stewart Dawson & Co., Ltd., Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin. S. AFRICA—Lennons, Ltd., Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, Durban, Bulawayo, Bloemfontein, E. London, Johannesburg, and Branches. STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—J. Little & Co., Ltd., Singapore and Kuala Lumpur.

In the Colonies or Foreign Countries where no special Concessionaires have been appointed, these glasses will be forwarded direct from the Works on receipt of cash (foreign postage 2s. extra).

Write for Catalogue No. 7, & list of sole agents in British Isles where glasses may be tried

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Head Office and Works: 11x, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Retail Branches { 223, Oxford Street, W. 35, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 62, Old Broad Street, E.C.  
72, Oxford Street, W. 416, Strand, W. 2, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.  
61, Brompton Road, S.W. 95, Regent Street, W.

## In winter weather



## The "Allenburys" Glycerine and (Trade Mark) Black Currant Pastilles

The most robust feel the penetrating, chilling effects of cold, damp, raw air. Husky, rough voice and tickling of the throat may be prevented by the use of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles, which are palatable, efficient and harmless. Prepared from the purest glycerine and fresh fruit juice, their delicacy and elegance recommend them to all.

Of all Chemists, in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz.  
and 1 lb. tins, at 6d., 1/-, 1/7  
and 3/- each.

Note the trade marks "Allenburys"  
and a Plough, which appear  
on each box.

Allen & Hanburys  
Ltd.

37 Lombard St.,  
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## The Record-Breaking ARGYLL

### Argylls' New Year's Gift to Motorists.

Reduction in prices of the  
Argyll Single Sleeve Valve Cars

HAVING now sold a sufficient number of Argyll Single Sleeve Valve Engines to cover the cost of developing the invention, and having booked orders fully 50% in excess of last year, the management of Argylls Ltd., after a conference with their Depot Managers and Agents, have decided to make the following substantial reductions to come into force on January 1st, 1914.

		Old Prices
12/18 h.p. Two-Seater Car	£315	£355
12/18 h.p. Torpedo Car	£335	£375
15/30 h.p. Two-Seater Car	£475	£550
15/30 h.p. Torpedo Car	£495	£575
15/30 h.p. Limousine or Landulette	£675	£710
15/30 h.p. Cabriolet	£700	£735
25/50 h.p. Torpedo Car	£675	£750
25/50 h.p. Limousine or Landulette	£825	£875
25/50 h.p. Cabriolet	£850	£900

These cars are fully equipped, including: One-Man Hood, Screen, 3 Lamps, Horn, Tool Outfit, Detachable Wheels, Spare Wheel, 5 Tyres, Number Plate, Petrol Gauge, etc.

Chassis prices will remain as  
formerly.  
Trial runs arranged on request.

### Argylls, Ltd.

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DUNDEE, CARDIFF, NEWCASTLE,  
LEEDS, HULL, LIVERPOOL, MAN-  
CHESTER, LEICESTER, BOURNE-  
MOUTH, &c.



# PEPS

## The Quick Cure for BRONCHIAL COLDS

THERE is a good deal of bronchial trouble about. It varies from a simple cough or suspicion of cold about the chest to painful soreness and inflammation.

To prevent this trouble spreading to the lungs and developing into pleurisy or pneumonia, arm yourself at once with a box of Peps.

As Peps dissolve in the mouth valuable medicinal fumes are given off and are breathed down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes and lungs.

The soothing effect of these Peps fumes is marvellous. They bring ease and comfort to the chest; they fortify one against colds and chills, and they ward off lung trouble.

Peps are the true breathe-able tablets, and render obsolete the treating of throat and chest troubles with liquid mixtures.

Peps go direct to the lungs and are the most reliable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Laryngitis, Whooping Cough and Croup.

Peps are obtainable  
of all chemists—but  
be sure that you  
get — PEPs.  
Imitations are  
worthless.

PEPS keep  
the chest  
right in bad  
weather.



## The SALE of the SEASON now proceeding MARSHALL'S GREAT SILK WEEK Commences Monday, Jan. 12th BARGAINS EXTRAORDINARY in SILKS & DRESS GOODS

THE opportunity of securing Marshallgrade silks at greatly reduced prices only presents itself twice a year; it therefore behoves everyone who desires the very best silks and all dress goods at a moderate cost to inspect the excellent articles offered.

The Marshall reputation of over 70 years' standing is your guarantee of excellence, and in view of this the prices at which these goods are marked are all the more interesting.

### MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED.

Vere Street and Oxford Street, London, W.

## The Cult of the Complexion

WHAT better gift can a woman desire than a perfect complexion? And yet, after all, the beauty of the complexion is to a great extent purely a matter of cultivation. If every woman would only make it a daily practice to gently massage her face and hands with Beetham's La-rola, it is safe to say that her skin would soon become beautifully clear and soft, and her complexion would rival the peach in delicacy and hue.



BEETHAM'S  
**La-rola**  
is an indispensable adjunct to the toilet table. During the winter months it will be found most efficacious for removing all signs of Roughness, Redness, and Chaps, whilst for use in hard water it is unsurpassed. Buy a bottle from your chemist to-day.

Bottles,  
1s. & 2s. 6d.  
each, of all  
Chemists and Stores.

Special Offer—Send us 3d. and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola, Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, etc. DEPT. S.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

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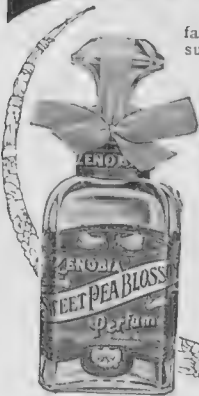
The original French  
**CRÈME DE MENTHE CUSENIER**

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TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES



faithfully reproduce all the sweetness and subtlety of the natural blossom odours. Try

## SWEET PEA BLOSSOM

Since the discovery, by Zenobia, of the real secret of this flower's delicate scent, many sweet pea perfumes have been introduced: to obtain the genuine, original and TRUE perfume insist upon the name "Zenobia."

## NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK

Recalls the perfumed silences of a summer's night. Prices of either kind: 2/6, 3/6, 5/- & 10/6 per Bottle. Sold by leading Chemists, Perfumers, & Stores.

**BIJOU** containing Perfume, Soap and Sachet. **SAMPLE** of either of the above odours. 3d. stamps mentioning *The Sketch*.

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H.M. Queen Alexandra

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PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.  
This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

January 7, 1914. Signature.....  
Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to  
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## PEPYS on SHERRY

Referring to his visit to Bristol in 1668, Pepys in his diary wrote that:—

"they did give us a good entertainment of strawberries, a whole venison pasty cold, and plenty of brave wine, and above all BRISTOL MILK."

## HARVEY'S Bristol Milk

Price 80/- per dozen

Sample Half-Bottle  
3/6 post free.

This is only one of the many famous Sherries bottled by John Harvey & Sons, Ltd., matured and brought to perfection in their vast cellars in Bristol.

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From 3½ Gns.

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\*Phone: 784 and 728 Regent.

\*Grams: "Greatcoat, London."

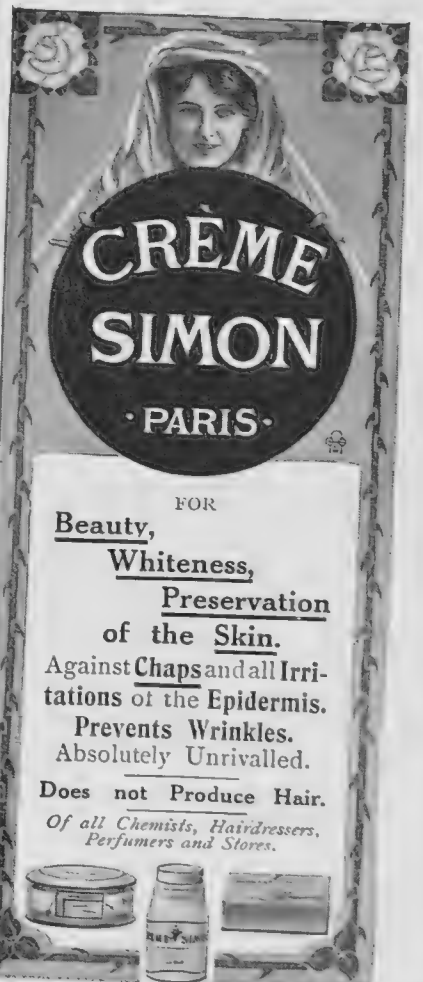
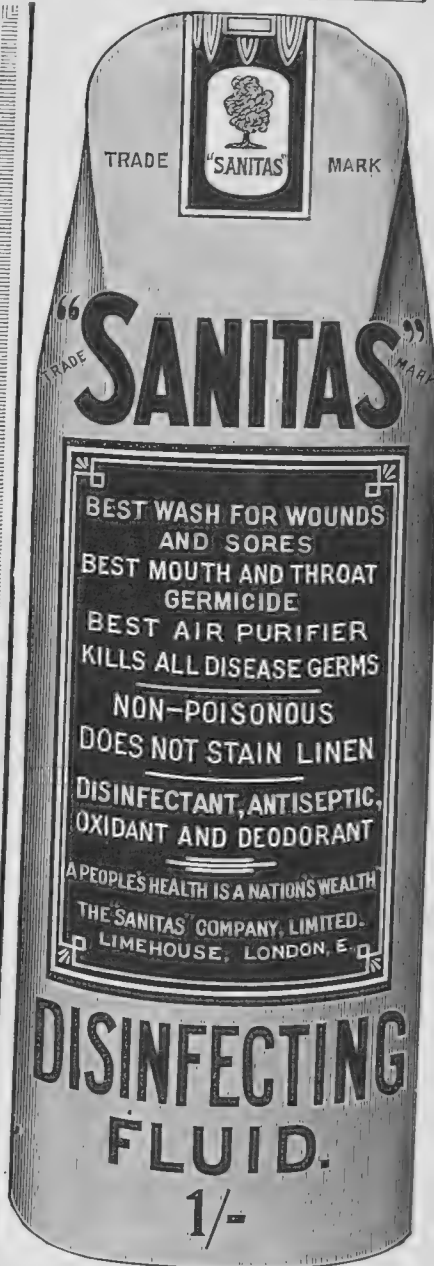


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RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION FOR NEURALGIA, INSOMNIA, FATIGUE, BRAIN FOG, AN-EMIA, NERVOUS-INDIGESTION, LACK OF CONCENTRATION.

## TRY VINO FOSFA TO-DAY

Of Stores & Chemists, large-bottle 3/8, or MAGRATH & CO., Leamington Spa, 3/6 post free, Sample 4d.; and from HARRODS, LONDON.



FOR  
Beauty,  
Whiteness,  
Preservation  
of the Skin.

Against Chaps and all Irritations of the Epidermis.  
Prevents Wrinkles.  
Absolutely Unrivalled.

Does not Produce Hair.

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers,  
Perfumers and Stores.



(Continued.)

if it were compressed, it is quite conceivable that these two brilliant players might easily make it a popular success.

### "The Impulse of a Night."

The curtain-raiser which now precedes Mr. Chesterton's successful fantasy, "Magic," is one of those little dialogues which are not particularly bad and not particularly good. A restless wife whose husband leaves her to her own resources plays with fire in the person of an amorous young man, and then finds it difficult to get rid of him when she has gone too far. It is written by Mr. David Ellis and Mrs. George Norman; and the only notable thing about it is the sympathetic playing of Miss Ruth Mackay.

### The Children's Theatre.

At the Court Theatre in the afternoons the world is at present very young. It is the season of the child, organised by Miss Netta Syrett and Mrs. Percy Dearmer; and the very small child is much in evidence as dancer, singer, and weaver of fairy-tales, to the delight of the small children who come to hear and to enjoy. Live dolls there are, and dancing daisies, and a Cupid, and a Dresden swain with his shepherdess, and the moral of each little tale is that you must believe in fairies if you would be saved. "Sweetly pretty" is the expression which audiences will find most fitting—and it well describes it all.

### "The Fortune-Hunter."

There have been disappointments from America lately, but "The Fortune-Hunter," at the Queen's Theatre, will restore the balance. This is not merely because Mr. Hale Hamilton is one of the pleasantest of American comedians, as we knew before, but because Mr. Winchell Smith, the author, has given us some highly entertaining American characters, which are all most admirably played. The story is not much in itself; there is no touch of novelty in the impecunious fellow who goes in search of an heiress and finds love, but the search in this case introduces us to some delightful studies of American provincial life. At any rate, as we know no better, we may take them to be such; and though there is obviously exaggeration at times for farcical effects, there is nothing but truth and tenderness in the old chemist, Sam Graham, and his little daughter, both of whom are so beautifully played by Mr. Forrest Robinson and Miss Myrtle Tannehill.

It would be superfluous to describe the contents of such a familiar tome as the "Post Office London Directory" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.), of which the new edition for 1914—the 115th year

of publication—is now on sale. We need only say that this monumental work maintains its accustomed level of excellence. There are forty-one more pages than last year, and many new names appear in the official lists. The work can be had either with or without the County Suburbs section. Including that, it is sold either in one volume at 40s. or in two volumes at 43s. 6d.; without it, in one volume at 32s. Each of the two sections is provided with a map. The "County Suburbs Directory," with its map, is sold separately for 15s.

Society's London Directory, as it might be called, otherwise "The Royal Blue Book" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.; 5s. net), has now appeared for the first half of 1914. The book is published half-yearly, and this is the 184th issue. Although it runs to over 1500 pages, it remains, by virtue of its thin paper, as handy in size as ever. Its usefulness has long been proved.

Everybody needs a diary, and everybody knows that the famous Letts' Diaries, now issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co., are unsurpassed of their kind. They are published in every sort of shape and size at every sort of price—large and serviceable for the office desk, solid and tome-like for the study, neat and dainty for the boudoir or the pocket. There are also special diaries for clergymen, doctors, nurses, and housekeepers; and registers for use in various occupations, such as game-books, cellar-books, stable-books, laundry-books, and poultry-keepers' account-books. The Perpetual Diary is adaptable to any year. The accident-insurance coupon issued with Letts' Diaries covers risks by train, tram, or motor-'bus. The letter-press and postal information have been carefully revised.

"Whitaker's Almanack" for 1914 contains a large number of new items, and is as invaluable as ever. Among them may be mentioned particulars as to emigration, aviation, Canada, Albania, Naval progress, and wireless telegraphy. "Whitaker's Peerage," which, at the price of 5s., is a very cheap and handy volume of its kind, has also made its appearance in the new 1914 edition.

To the making of Walker's famous diaries go the best of paper, the best of printing, and the best of binding. The price, of course, varies with the quality, from 6d. up to 15s., but all are on a level of excellence as regards neatness and utility. The information given is just what is required, and the diaries can be had in a great variety of size, from the large office diary to dainty little pocket editions. Some of the more expensive of these are quite delightful in their style of format. With each of their diaries Messrs. John Walker, of Farringdon House, Warwick Lane, give an accident insurance coupon for £1000.

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## With CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. Their use tends to prevent pore clogging, pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Sample of each with 32-p. book free from nearest depot: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, U.S.A.

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The Ideal Glasses for all Sporting and Touring Purposes.

The MARK I. is the pattern which has been adopted for use in the Army. All the models which are fitted with eyepiece focussing are hermetically sealed, and consequently withstand exposure to all kinds of climates and weather conditions.

	Magnification.	With Eyepiece Focussing.	With Central Screw Focussing.
The MARK I. ...	x 6	£6 5 0	£7 0 0
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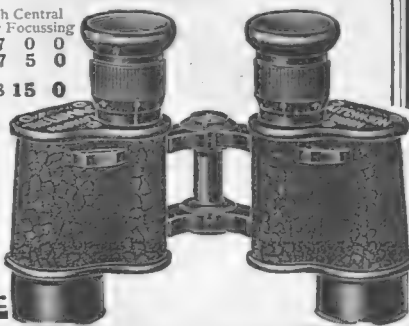
Prices include best solid leather sling case & lanyard. Postage and packing free to any part of the world.

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## ROBINSON & CLEAVERS'S SALE of LINENS

AT REDUCED PRICES DURING JANUARY

### Table and Bed Linen.

Factory accumulations and odd patterns at very low prices. Heavy Double Damask Table Cloths in popular Shamrock design, 2 x 2 yds., 11 9 and 14 6 each; 2 x 2 1/2 yds., 14 6 and 18 3 each. Napkins to match, 1/2 x 1/2 yds., 19 3 and 23 6 per dozen. Hand-embroidered Linen Bedspreads, 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 yds., 23 - and 29 - each. Hemstitched Linen Towels (superfine), full size, 19 6 and 22 6 dozen. Hand-embroidered Linen Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 in., 3/11 and 5/6 each.

### Handkerchiefs.

The remains of stock left over from the Christmas Trade. Ladies' fine Linen, hemstitched, 13 in. square with 1/2 in. hems, 4 9 per dozen. Ladies' linen, hemstitched with hand-embroidered monogram (any two letters), 13 in. square, 3-16 hem, per dozen 6/3.

### Shirts and Collars.

Dress shirts, "Matchless" quality, 4-fold all-linen fronts and cuffs, each 5 6. Our celebrated "Castle" collars, faced with our own Irish linen, per dozen, 5 8.

WRITE FOR SALE LIST and SAMPLES TO  
40G, Donegall Place, BELFAST.

## Real Irish

The mild Irish atmosphere and the soft water of Irish streams have helped to give John Jameson's Whiskey its rare and delicate bouquet. For five generations it has been made in the old-fashioned Irish way—still the best of ways to make the best of Whiskies.

**John Jameson**  
Three ★ ★ ★ Star  
**Whiskey**

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## Let Sanatogen Give You More Health.

Take Sanatogen regularly, three times a day, for just a few weeks, and you will be astonished at the improvement in your health, strength, and nerve-power.

You will then understand why people are so enthusiastic about Sanatogen; why **Mr. Arnold Bennett**, for instance, says: "The

tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful"; and why that astute man of business, **Sir Alexander Cross, Bart.**, writes: "It is only fair to say that I am surprised at the results of Sanatogen. They have been just what was predicted—a material increase in vigour and physical fitness."

## The Joy of Living Depends on Health.

**W**HETHER you are young or old, rich or poor, you cannot enjoy real happiness if your health is failing.

"Sanatogen undoubtedly braces the patient to health," writes **Lady Henry Somerset** . . . . "freshness and keenness return, bringing with them a new enjoyment of life and a feeling of hopefulness not hitherto experienced."

And it is no temporary exhilaration that Sanatogen gives—such as you may gain from harmful drugs and stimulants—but a real and lasting improvement in your bodily health, and especially in the health of your nervous system.

During the fifteen years of its existence Sanatogen has been widely prescribed by the medical profession, and more than 19,000 physicians—many of them leading specialists—have given



signed testimony to the value of Sanatogen in various conditions of ill-health, including Nervous Disorders, Wasting Diseases, Faulty Nutrition, Poverty of Blood, General Debility, etc. As the *Medical Press and Circular* says: "The reputation of Sanatogen has been steadily built up upon a sterling basis of real clinical worth."

Here, then, is a genuine and safe invigorator, which cannot harm you in any way, and which cannot fail to do you good. Resolve to take a proper course of Sanatogen, and begin it *now*, while the year is still young.

It will cost you about sixpence a day—a small but sound investment, yielding high health-dividends! Buy a tin to-day at your Chemist's, from 1/9d. to 9/6d. (the latter is the most economical size), or send a post-card, mentioning this paper, to A. Wulff & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., for a Free Sample of Sanatogen and an explanatory Booklet.



## OTHER TIMES; OTHER MANNERS! CHILDREN IN A BOWL.



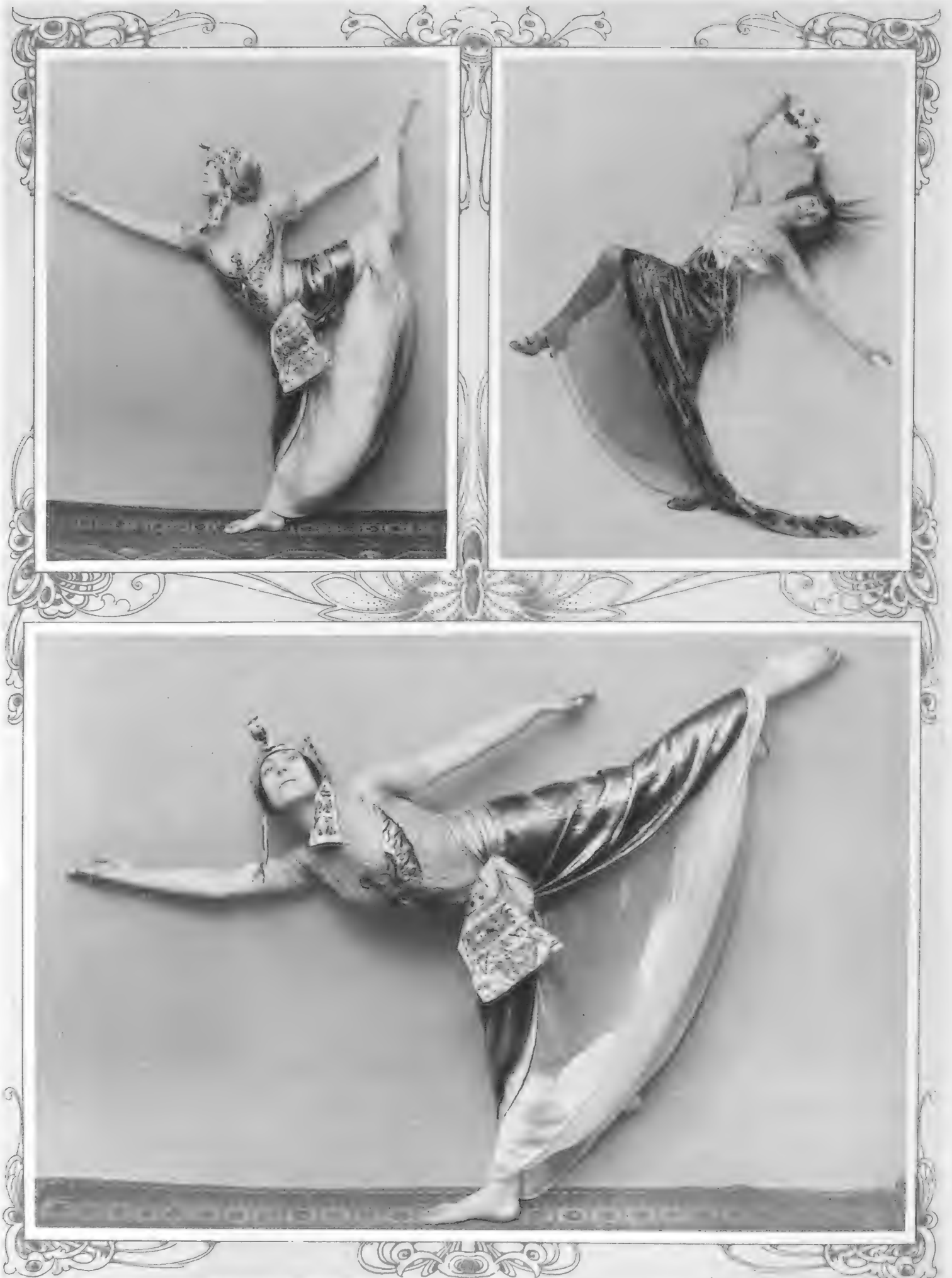
1. IN THE FAMOUS MANNERS PUNCH-BOWL: MASTER MARTIN CHARTERIS, YOUNGER SON OF THE HON. HUGO CHARTERIS AND LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS (FORMERLY LADY VIOLET MANNERS), DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

2. IN THE FAMOUS MANNERS PUNCH-BOWL: MASTER DAVID CHARTERIS, ELDER SON OF THE HON. HUGO CHARTERIS AND LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS.

The famous Manners punch-bowl, in which the two sons of the Hon. Hugo Charteris and his wife (formerly Lady Violet Manners) are here seen, is described as follows in Eller's "History of Belvoir": "It is a punch-bowl of silver weighing 1907 ounces, manufactured by Child, an eminent goldsmith, some 270 years ago, after a model designed by Benvenuto Cellini. The handles, which I consider, as well as the arms,

to be additional to the original design, are formed of the Rutland crest. The arms are Manners with augmentation impaling Noel: being the insignia of John, the ninth Earl and first Duke." The Hon. Hugo Charteris, who was born in December 1884, is the eldest son of Lord Elcho, elder son of the Earl of Wemyss. His marriage to Lady Violet Manners took place in 1911.—[Photographs by Emary.]

## THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN DRESS: A LIVING BAS-RELIEF.



IN GOWN OLD, AND BARE OF FEET; AND IN GOWN OF TO-DAY, AND SHOD: Mlle. RÉGINE FLORY, AT THE PALACE.

The Palace added to its programme the other day Mlle. Régine Flory, who, amongst other dances, gives one called "The Bas-Relief." Before this begins, she is seen, in a golden dress, standing against a dark-green background upon which are bas-relief representations of herself: so she seems for the moment a bas-relief. Associated with her in "Paris Frissons" are Miss Esmé Hubbard, Miss Alice Leigh, and Messrs. Robert Nainby and George Grundy.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



## IS THE SUN PROUD OF HIS DAUGHTER? FUTURIST DANCING.



THE YOUTH OF BOTTICELLI; ALIAS, THE PURPLE MUSE; ALIAS, THE YOUNG GOD; ALIAS, THE DAUGHTER OF THE SUN:  
MME. VALENTINE DE SAINT-POINT GIVING FUTURIST DANCES, AT THE POIRIER THEATRE, PARIS.

At last Futurist dances—given by the well-known Mme. Valentine de Saint-Point, whom d'Annunzio has called "The Daughter of the Sun," whom Rodin has compared with "The Youth of Botticelli," and whom others have called "The Purple Muse" and "The Young God." Amongst other things, it is her idea to veil, for her dances, all parts of the body save those which are essentially muscular. This, she believes, hardens

the lines and reveals them as they should be. For the rest, quoting the "Daily Telegraph," we may say that Mme. de Saint-Point "holds that one should dance much less with one's legs and feet than with the brain." She calls her invention "metachoreia," and explains obligingly for our benefit that in Greek "meta" means "above" and "choreia" means "dancing." Metachoreia is thus, so to speak, super-dancing.





## ISIS.

Photograph of Mlle. Isis, of the Opéra Comique, Paris, by Bert; Setting by "The Sketch."



## THE RE-AWAKENED SLEEPING BEAUTY: PEOPLE FROM THE PANTO.



1. PRINCESS MARCELLA (BEAUTY): MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON.

2. A MONKEY: MR. ARTHUR CONQUEST.

3. PUCK AND THE DUKE OF MONTE BLANCO: MISS RENÉE  
MAYER AND MR. GEORGE GRAVES.4. THE DUKE OF MONTE BLANCO AND POMPOS: MR. GEORGE  
GRAVES AND 'MR. WILL EVANS.

"The Sleeping Beauty" was so popular at Drury Lane last season that it has been revived for this year; with alterations which have caused the word "Re-awakened" to be added to the original title. Success is again assured.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



## GLOBE MATINÉES: "THE SHEPHERDESS WITHOUT A HEART."



1. AFTER TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT, WHEN, FOR AN HOUR, THE TOYS AND ORNAMENTS COME TO LIFE: WITHIN THE FOUR WALLS OF KASPER PETERKIN'S COTTAGE.

2. THE WEDDING OF THE SHEPHERDESS (NOW WITH A HEART) AND HER LOVER, THE CHIMNEY SWEEP: IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OUTSIDE.

In the first of these two illustrations, from left to right, are Mr. Bertram Forsyth as the Image of Naughtiness, Blotch; Mr. Harry Hilliard as Bonzo, the clockwork Bear; Miss Mercia Cameron as the Cuckoo; Mr. Kenneth Dennys as Old Old, of the Grandfather clock; Mr. Basil Sydney as Christie, the Chimney Sweep; and Miss Evangeline Hilliard as Christol, the Dresden Shepherdess. In the second the chief

figures are (on the left) Miss Herma Hilair as Pippinette; Master Chris Saint-Eve as Pip; and Miss Gloria Gold as Pippin; (on the roof), Mr. Moffat Johnston as Father Christmas; (in the centre) Mr. Ernest Cockburn as Old Simon; Miss Evangeline Hilliard as Christol; and Mr. Basil Sydney as Christie. On the right are toys—Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantaloon—from Father Christmas's sack.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.



## ALSO NEW: A LEAD IN "NUTS AND WINE."



THE GIRL WHO LOST HER DOG; MISS SYNCOPATIA; AND HAVANA ANNA: MISS BABETTE, "THE PET OF NEW YORK," WHO IS APPEARING IN THE EMPIRE REVUE.

It was arranged that the new Empire Revue, "Nuts and Wine," should be produced on Saturday, January 3. It is in two acts, each of four scenes. These last-named are as follows: The New Eton; The New News; The New Little Theatre; The Deck of the New "Mayflower" Yacht; The New Ellis Island; The New Clown;

The New Idol; and The Empire Stores, 1923. The book is by Messrs. C. H. Boyll and P. G. Wodehouse, with music chiefly by Mr. Frank Tours. At present, Miss Babette, called "the pet of New York," is down to play three parts. She is a popular American musical-comedy actress, who thus makes her first appearance in England.



# The Ever Popular Household Remedy

Which has now borne the Stamp of Public approval for

**OVER FORTY YEARS.**

## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,'

**PLEASANT TO TAKE, REFRESHING AND INVIGORATING.**

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable aperient which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality.

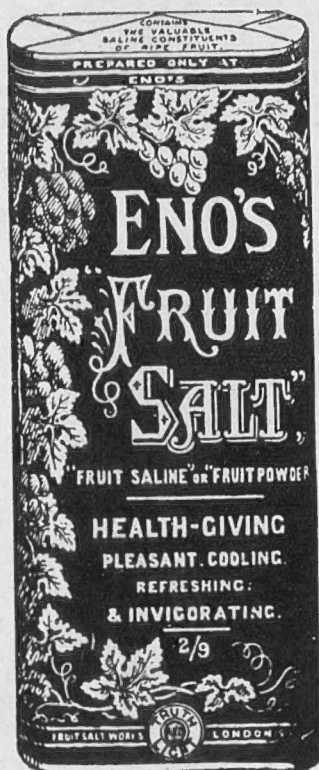
IT IS VERY BENEFICIAL IN ALL CASES OF

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Errors in Diet—Eating or Drinking. Thirst, Giddiness, Rheumatic or Gouty Poison. Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, and Feverish Conditions generally. It is everything you could wish as a Simple and Natural Health-giving Agent.

Gentle and safe in its action, it does not cause griping or weakness. Always keep it in the house or in your travelling bag in readiness for emergencies.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE.



### TADDY'S LONDON MIXTURE

Ring up your tobacconist for a tin of Taddy's London Mixture.

Taddy's have been blending choice tobaccos since the reign of George II.

In London Mixture they have evolved a new and more delicate harmony of flavour from contrasting types of tobacco. The blend is quite distinctive. Try it.

Packed in 1 oz. and 2 oz. packets, and in 3 oz., 1/4 lb., and 1/2 lb. tins.

Always smoke Taddy's tobacco—the finest tobacco in the best blend.

**TADDY'S LONDON MIXTURE**  
PER 5<sup>D</sup> OZ



### A Good Resolution for 1914

To order my Newsagent to deliver 'Punch' to me each week throughout the year